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Agricultural.

A PECULIAR SEASON.

Since the growing season began it has been a continuous succession of surprises. No forecast could arrange, or experience plan a satisfactory success, based upon precedent. The usual predictions for an early season were unwarranted by the result. The experience of the preceding year has been no guide to follow in this, and those who have succeeded best, have done so inadvertently, and cannot plume themselves upon any superior knowledge, or forecasting of wisdom which led to success. It is getting to be very well understood that a plant matures by stages; so that if the weather is not propitious in the several periods of its growth, it is checked, and a stint is given to its development, which no auspicious period thereafter will fully overcome; although sometimes it would appear that nature was making a vigorous effort to catch up. This effort will be noticed more particularly in the propensity to form seed to perpetuate the species, rather than in the growth of vine, stalk or wood. An instance is noticeable at the present time in corn. The lateness of the season and the short time in which the ears must mature, seem to stimulate the production of ears; almost every large stalk has two, well developed, and each striving to make a good showing for seed.

Referring again to the stages of growth in plant life, it seems necessary that in the first stage, it should get firmly established in the soil by a growth of root. If the earth is cold and the elements unkindly in their nurturing, a feeble, sickly growth is engendered, and when the period of stalk growth is reached, their early growth is incomplete, and unfitted for a normal development, such as would occur had the early growth been unchecked. The production of seed hinges upon the previous stages of growth, so that if in either case the growth is immature or incomplete, the production of seed must suffer diminution and will discount the farmer's profit.

The promise of a seed time never yet has failed, but we are not promised that it shall occur regularly on a fixed day of the month, each year. It is later or earlier in different seasons. The farmer who says this year "I shall plant or sow on a fixed day another year," is very unwise; better wait until the unfolding of the season indicates the propitious time, and then be ready to accept the promise and be thankful—casting in the grain in faith of ultimate reaping.

The opening season promised a bountiful supply of fruit of all kinds. Referring to the crop report for April, the condition of apples and peaches was far in advance of last year's crop, but the adverse weather attending the early growth, has caused nearly all the summer apples to fall, and but few varieties of winter fruit make any showing at the present. Baldwin, Golden Russets and Northern Spy, are the only varieties that promise anything beyond a home supply, and then only under favorable conditions. The early varieties of fruit ripening during the rainy weather of the past three weeks, are tasteless and unsatisfactory in anything except their size. Those who taste peaches with their eyesight may have been beguiled into purchasing a sample box, but save for the very unsatisfactory reputation of buying and eating the first fruits of the season, the experience has doubtless been very unsatisfactory.

It would seem that sufficient fine weather for securing the wheat crop was had, so that the calamity of sprouted grain might have been averted, had the usual precautions been practiced. The short cut of securing grain by threshing from the field, doubtless led many to take the risk of unpropitious weather, and has thus multiplied the disaster. Those who began to cut their grain early, lost much by getting it too green, while those who waited for the propitious time were not disappointed.

The lesson to farmers is this: wait until the time arrives for both planting and securing crops, and when the time arrives put forth every effort to utilize every moment, until the task is accomplished.

ENSILAGE.

As we gave the bright side of the ensilage question the past week, we feel that the other side of the subject should also be given, so that our readers can form some opinion of how those who are testing the system regard it. It will be seen that all are not favorably impressed with its merits. Prof. Geo. H. Cook, of the New Jersey Experimental Station, has made a report upon this subject, after careful experiments to test the feeding value of ensilage. The conclusions arrived at are summed up by him as follows:

First. When the green corn was dried in stacks the loss of food was less than it was when the corn was packed in a silo. Second. When dried corn fodder was cut and crushed it was eaten by the cows under experiment quite as readily and with as little waste as ensilage. Third. In three cases the yield of milk was not increased when ensilage was substituted for dried corn, but in one case, ensilage caused an increase of eighty-seven pounds of milk in forty days.

Fourth. In the mixed milk for twenty days of herd No. 1, ensilage caused no increase in the yield of total solid matter; while in the milk of herd No. 2 for the same period it caused a gain of eight and one-third pounds, or seven per cent.

Some time ago a Mr. C. W. Mills of Pompton, N. J., was a strong advocate of the system of ensilage, and lectured, we believe, in some parts of Massachusetts on its merits. He was using it, he said, on his farm, with the greatest advantage to his stock. The proprietor of the Worcester (Mass.) Gazette got a committee to visit Pompton, N. J., and report upon how the system worked on Mr. Mills' farm, and the report of this committee, gathered from a summary published in an eastern agricultural paper, is rather astonishing. The farm, it appears, is beautifully located; has strong but mellow soil; there are ample buildings and facilities for large operations. Three or four animals found at the home place, were "cruelly lean," and "one or two yearlings very small and weak, with every indication of semi-starvation." Twenty great apple-trees, some with stems two feet in diameter, growing in a field near the barn where the cattle and mules were turned to exercise, were found peeled of "the last fragment of bark as high up as an animal could reach." The son mentioned that eight horses died in one day, and "only five or six" cattle during the winter. Seventy-five head or more were found in pasture two miles distant, where the grass was just starting; it was raining steadily and "they were all in thickets of oak and other young trees, browsing upon twigs and last year's leaves." They were miserably poor, some being so weak and thin as to suggest a demand for the S. P. C. T. A. On returning, the visitors met Mr. Mills at the hotel, and were very graciously received. They did not reveal to him that they had seen the stock. He repeated the main points of his addresses in Massachusetts. In answer to questions, incidentally put, he said he had about 75 cows in milk, including "strikers," and that the dairy product was seven ten-gallon cans, which is an average of $\frac{1}{2}$ quarts per cow. He declared that 20 pounds of corn ensilage and four quarts of bran were enough for any animal, and that his stock had wintered well on it. The report concludes with the remark that if the cattle in question had 20 pounds each per day 60 pounds each would be about right for they were certainly two-thirds starved. Of course one swallow does not make a summer, nor do the results of the practice of such a slovenly farmer as Mr. Mills conclusively demonstrate the value of ensilage food. But, as we said before, the system is being thoroughly tested by men who have the means, and it is just as well to await final conclusions before investing very heavily in silos.

"PURE ORANGE COUNTY BUTTER."—Dr. Shire, of New York City, has discovered that there are eight oleomargarine factories in that city, running night and day, and that they are producing a pure butter and fats of every description are mixed together and sold as "pure Orange County Butter." In a letter to the Health Department on this subject, he says:

"I beg to call your attention to the flagrant breach of the recent statute for the prevention of the selling of adulterated butter or oleomargarine as pure, fresh butter. Several such factories in the lower part of the city are at full blast every night, engaged in turning out large quantities of vile compound made of the lowest grade of impure and rancid fats, the next day packed in heavy tin boxes labeled 'Pure Orange County Butter,' and forwarded to hotels for innocent dupes to feast on during their vacation from the city. Yesterday evening I visited one of these places and found eight men working with dirty shoes on a large pan containing several hundred pounds of the noxious and vile compound. They worked with common shovels, such as are used in making mortar, and were saluting and coloring the compound. This outrage should be quickly stopped."

The Marshall Expositor puts the damage to the wheat crop of Calhoun County at from \$250,000 to \$300,000, estimating that at least one-third the crop was in the shock at the time of the rains.

SHORTHORNS VS. JERSEYS.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

Will you kindly permit me to correct a part of your argument as used in the article on "Short-horn vs. Jerseys" in your issue of 8th inst?

The facts as stated therein are these. A Short-horn gives fourteen quarts of milk per day, yielding thirteen ounces of butter; a Jersey eight quarts per day, yielding 16 oz. of butter. This, you say, is, as any one who has studied the capabilities of the two breeds would have predicted, that while the Jersey thus excels as a butter making breed, in no other respect is she to be compared with the Short-horn. You then by a comparison of the prices at which the product of the two cows can be sold, place the Jersey at a disadvantage, and this is the substance of your argument. Let the product of each be sold in the way it will bring the most money, the Jersey's butter would bring 30 cents and the buttermilk 16 cents or 46 cents in all, the Short-horn's milk at five cents per quart would produce 70 cents, balance in favor of Short-horn, 24 cents per day. I will admit the correctness of your conclusions if your premises are correct; viz., that the butter of the Jersey can be sold at 80 cents per lb., and the milk of the Short-horn at five cents per quart. That gilt edge Jersey butter can be sold at 30 cents per lb. no matter what part of the State it is made in, is, I think, correct, and that Short-horn, or any other good milk, can be sold in cities at five cents per quart is equally true. But, and here is where the fallacy of your position clearly appears, can the farmers of this State, generally, or more than the smallest fraction of them, sell their milk for five cents per quart, or even obtain half that price for it? Those living near the cities who retail their milk can, but none others. The great majority of the farmers of this State cannot sell their milk at any price, as there is no market for it within their reach, which is not true of butter. Unless there is a cheese factory in their vicinity, they must churn their milk, and can dispose of it in no other profitable way. If there is a cheese factory they can get from 90 cents to \$1 per 100 pounds for their milk. Let it be sold therefore in this, "the way it will bring the most money," and how stands the account? The Jersey's butter and buttermilk will bring 46 cents per day, according to your figures. The Short-horn's 28 pounds of milk at one cent per lb., 28 cents; balance in favor of the Jersey 18 cents per day. So applied to the State at large, my figures are more nearly correct than yours, although I do not think that either one is absolutely so.

This whole subject is one that will bear discussion, and while the Short-horn men can claim the superiority of their breed, as against the Jersey, for beef, they should be satisfied with this. As a milk and butter producer the Jersey is to-day their superior and therefore the more profitable cow of the two for the farmers of this State, let who will undertake to show the contrary.

JENSVY.

August 9th, 1882.

[The writer of the above is assured that the quotations as to prices of butter and milk are based on those actually paid in this city. So far as the price of butter was concerned, we gave the extreme price at which we could learn of actual sales being made. It must be admitted, however, that conditions will differ in different localities. The same facts which were observed in Detroit, seem to be equally true in regard to East Saginaw, taking the words of a man actually engaged in the dairy business as true, as we have every reason to believe they were. Under present conditions, in this State, we doubt if the Jersey would, in the hands of the ordinary farmer, prove as remunerative as the Short-horn. But we can see that in a special case, where a man would keep a herd specially to make a high grade of butter which would command the highest market price, the Jersey could be utilized and made to pay well. The skill necessary to do this, however, is not common, and even Jersey butter might not prove of unusual flavor or quality after it had been manipulated by some butter-makers. To such the Jersey would prove unprofitable as compared with some other breeds, as her quality as a butter-maker has undoubtedly been developed at the expense of all others. Neither as a milk nor as a beef animal would any one select a Jersey, and if her one talent was not made available she would certainly prove unremunerative to her owner.

There is one point we must mention in which our correspondent does not do justice to the Short-horn. He quotes the price of whole milk in the country at one cent per pound, and then counts the Jersey buttermilk as worth two cents per quart. The fact is that unless near a market it would be impossible to quote any price for buttermilk, except its value to feed growing pigs, so that the product of the Jersey just bring what was received for the butter. Another point of this: We think when the price of the milk of the Short-horn is put down to its lowest figure, on account of its being at a distance from the market, that the Jersey butter should be marketed in the same

place, and the difference in price given. To-day it would be a difficult matter to sell a consignment of Jersey butter in this city at 30 cents per lb. after freight was paid.

FARM LABOR.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

As I have been a reader of your valuable paper for several years, and read the discussions on various subjects which have appeared in it with much interest, I send you some ideas on the question of farm labor, in regard to which I notice several articles have been published. I believe that it is a subject that interests both the farmer and the laborer, and the better they understand their condition and dependence one upon the other, the more willing will they both be to treat each other with due respect, and show by their work the proper position that each should occupy in their avocations in life. While the laborer has rights that the employer is bound to respect, the laborer should remember the employer has a few rights also that he should be bound to respect. I am inclined to the belief, however, that there is a lack of principle on the part of both parties in many cases; yet, as it has been said, a rule the employer is the only responsible party to the contract. It makes no difference what the conditions of the contract are, whether it be verbal or written; the tramp laborer of to-day will accept it, and work on and do the thing that is right as long as he finds it pleasant, remunerative and comfortable, but keeps an eye a "lede out" for a softer and more remunerative job; and with many the contract made with an employer is considered null and void when he sees he can do better elsewhere. It takes but a small stretch of intellect to invent a reason for leaving; it was said in one of your communications that the refusal of a cup of milk at the table was judged sufficient cause for leaving. But the most prevalent reason seems to be sickness, especially just about the 30th of June, or when the clover blossoms begin to wither and turn brown, and again about the time the wheat fields begin to turn yellow. These are trying times with many farm laborers. It is a crisis that very many of these laborers can not pass without covering themselves with dishonor and shame, by accepting bad places for no good reason, but simply because there is an extra demand for labor and for a few days they can get \$2 or \$3 50 per day for hired work. While it shows a lack of principle it is at the same time damaging, and no man, young or old, can keep the confidence of the better portion of the community in which he lives who will allow himself to be jostled about, for some frivolous excuse. Many young men start out in life, as I did myself, with little but their hands to carve out a competence. While we should sell our labor to the best advantage we can, we should not place too high an estimate upon it. We should keep within bounds of the demands for labor, and should be willing to take for it what we earn, whether it be mental or physical work. We are living in an age of schools and education for the young. The question should come up in the minds of farmer parents: What avocation in life do you intend your children shall follow? and they should commence early in life to shape their course accordingly. It is very essential that the farmer should be educated to meet the many knotty problems that he will be called on to solve from day to day. Farming is becoming more and more a science every year. To be a successful farmer of to-day one should understand nearly all the arts and sciences: philosophy, chemistry, entomology, mathematics, are indispensable requisites, while the more he knows about practical things the more sure he is to succeed if he puts them into practice.

PRICE OF FARM LABOR.

The price that farmers can afford to pay for labor is limited. We must take into consideration the price of farm products and our prospective yield, and be governed accordingly when we hire our help. We admit that there are no two places on an identical footing, so we must make a different class of labor. The price of labor should vary according to the capacity of the laborer. But in this locality the farmers are carrying on businesses that are quite identical, and the pay for labor seems quite uniform, which has been from \$15 to \$30 per month for seven months, \$15 for light hands, and \$20 for men, with board and washing done. This would, in the case of men, aggregate \$30 per month, for seven months \$210, or a fraction over \$15 per day. We must admit that this is not a large salary compared with what some other vocations are able to pay; but when we take prices paid mechanics and laborers in cities, where help invariably board themselves, after taking out board and washing bills and in some cases bad weather, they will not have as much money at the end of each month as the farm hand. And yet the tendency is for young men to flock into cities and villages looking for a job, that seems to them more elevating where they are brought face to face with excitement and vice.

The farmer is a producer; he produces from his God given soil, that which feeds and clothes the nation at home and abroad;

his mission is one of the most honorable missions of the human race. While the merchant, mechanic, and manufacturer come in and claim their share of honor, the farmer has the honor of handing to them their bread, meat, butter, cheese and fruit, and all they have to wear. The question might be asked, how do they first come in possession of all this? We may answer; God has created the world, we are his husbandmen, it is through Him we look for seed time and harvest. If we, as His husbandmen, are faithful servants, and improve the opportunities within our reach, we find our granaries full to overflowing when we all work in unison, according to nature's laws. Thus we are able to exchange our products for those of the loom, the anvil and the forge, making the producer and the laborer masters of the ship of commerce. Let us see to it that we keep clear from shoals, rocks and reefs, and work together for the general good. INGHAM.

CREAMERIES.

The time has arrived when the system of butter-making now in vogue in this State should be modified, and means taken to place it in the same position as cheese-making. The establishing of the factory system of making cheese has been of incalculable benefit to the State, and we believe that butter factories would prove even more so. As at present conducted there is no uniformity in the butter product of the State. There are excellent butter makers whose product sells at the top price, others who make a fair article, and still others, unfortunately, whose product lacks every essential of sweet, well flavored butter. These various grades go into the hands of the dealer, and he exercises his ingenuity in combining them into packages that will meet the approval of his customers. There is no similarity between the various lots, either in color, quality or flavor, and when packed together the result is not always of a nature to please consumers. The only remedy is the establishment of the factory system, by which the cream is collected and manufactured into butter under careful and intelligent management. Wherever the creamery system has been started the result has been very successful. In the great dairy country around Elgin, Ill., the creamery system was first started in the west, and to-day butter from the creameries of that section commands the top price in the eastern markets, and is sold upon their brands, so well established has their reputation become. Since the Elgin creameries started, the dairymen of Iowa, Wisconsin and Minnesota have adopted the factory system, and to-day it is a flourishing and successful industry in those States, while the reputation of the product insures it ready sale at a high price whenever put in market.

The system pursued in those States is for the creameries to collect the cream, paying a certain price per pound, and leaving the skim milk with the farmer. This saves the farmer and his often hard-worked wife the trouble and time required to make and market the butter, which all will agree is no small item. Then the quality of the butter will be so much improved, and of such a uniformity in make and appearance, as to add largely to its marketable value. To show how this system works in this respect, we give the following extract from the *New England Farmer*, published at Boston:

"Creamery butter has won its reputation because of its good quality, and for its uniformity. There is no such uniformity, even in the best half-dozen dairies that can be selected anywhere, as is found in the best creamery butter. The creamery butter is made and handled by one person, and that person the most expert that is to be found in the whole region. Butter arriving at the Boston market is examined and tested by an inspector, whose services are really paid for by the producers. A car load from different farms and dairies will perhaps require his services for an entire day, while a car load of Western butter will be passed over after an inspection lasting but ten minutes. To know the 'brand' of the western creamery is usually all that is wanted by the inspectors. Hotels now prefer the creamery butter because of its uniformity. They can set a hundred different plates upon their tables in a single day, or can set their tables a hundred days in succession, and serve their customers exactly alike at every table and on every day. The creamery system has evidently come to stay, and we find that we are behind the times when we do not adopt the same methods they have adopted in order to compete with them, or even to hold our own. We are working at a disadvantage when we manufacture a thousand pounds of butter in ten or a hundred places instead of one place. In one Massachusetts town where the associated system has been adopted, it was found that the whole product of the town is now equal to the best that was made by the old system. The cost of selling has also been reduced, as it is found that it is much easier to sell 5,000 pounds of first class creamery butter of known uniformity than 100 pounds of farm dairy butter at the highest price paid for each."

The creamery system can be made purely co-operative, the same as cheese factories, or may be run as a private enterprise, and we hope to see a number of them started in different sections of the State. The cost of a factory that will take the milk of a thousand cows, fitted up with the latest improved machinery, is estimated at from three to four thousand dollars, according to the cost of labor and material at the point where it is built.

Notes From Ingham County.

OKEMOS, Ingham County, Mich., Aug. 10.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

DEAR SIR,—To-day is the eleventh day of continued rain, and the condition of the wheat can hardly be imagined. I think not over two-fifths to one-half of the crop of this county was secured before the rains commenced. Many farmers have not saved a sheaf dry, and the best of it is badly grown, while that which has been left without retreating is about worthless. The loss will be several millions of dollars to the farmers of Michigan, if the whole State has suffered like Ingham County.

After reading your last issue of the FARMER I feel more than ever that the farmers of Michigan have at least got two newspapers (yours and the *Grange Visitor*) that do not work for the benefit of the wheat gamblers and monopolies of all

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MICHIGAN FARMER

State Journal of Agriculture.

A Weekly Newspaper devoted to the industrial and producing interests of Michigan.

JOHNSTONE & GIBBONS, Publishers.

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The Michigan Farmer

State Journal of Agriculture.

DETROIT, TUESDAY, AUGUST 15, 1882.

THE MICHIGAN FARMER

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WHEAT.

The receipts of wheat in this market the past week have been 53,033 bu., while the shipments were 50,338 bu. The visible supply of this grain on August 5 was 15,139,053 bu., against 17,339,095 bu. at the corresponding date in 1881. This shows an increase over the amount in sight the previous week of 1,693,717 bu. The exports to Europe for the week ending August 5 were 3,411,276 bu., against 3,479,745 bu. the previous week, and for the past eight weeks they were 13,307,197 bu., against 14,662,765 bu. for the corresponding eight weeks in 1881. The stocks of wheat in this city on Saturday amounted to 104,339 bu., against 173,023 last week, and 306,018 bu. at the corresponding date in 1881.

The business in breadstuffs, so far as this city is concerned, has dwindled to very small proportions as compared with one year ago. While receipts have been very light of both wheat and flour, the demands have also decreased, and the market has been dull and sluggish all week. The wild statements of the press in regard to the immense crop of wheat has caused a weaker feeling in the British markets, and buyers are apparently convinced that all they have to do is to wait long enough, when they can secure all the stock they want at their own prices. Hence the English markets are quoted dull and weak at a decline from the rates ruling a week ago. This is largely the work of the daily and commercial press, aided by the big stories of railroad land agents who have land to sell, and will cost the country many thousands of dollars this year.

The course of our local market has been downward on futures, but spot wheat kept up from its positive scarcity until yesterday, when the market was very quiet and spot declined under advice from other points.

The following table exhibits the daily closing prices of wheat from July 31, when new wheat began to arrive, to August 14th:

	White No. 1	No. 2	No. 3
July 31	1.00	0.98	0.96
Aug. 1	1.00	0.98	0.96
Aug. 2	1.00	0.98	0.96
Aug. 3	1.00	0.98	0.96
Aug. 4	1.00	0.98	0.96
Aug. 5	1.00	0.98	0.96
Aug. 6	1.00	0.98	0.96
Aug. 7	1.00	0.98	0.96
Aug. 8	1.00	0.98	0.96
Aug. 9	1.00	0.98	0.96
Aug. 10	1.00	0.98	0.96
Aug. 11	1.00	0.98	0.96
Aug. 12	1.00	0.98	0.96
Aug. 13	1.00	0.98	0.96
Aug. 14	1.00	0.98	0.96

Latest mail advices from England show that the outlook is no more favorable than before reported. W. H. & H. E. Le May, of London, England, in their circular of July 28, say:

"The market is steadily advancing. Brewers are taking the hops now, and the stocks are so extremely small that every parcel that is sold raises the price of those that are left several shillings. Eleven guineas was paid for Sussex yesterday, and 41s are asked for anything to match them to-day. There are no new English hops now under 2s. Old ones are in request, and anything good is freely bought; the 1868's at 50s, '70's at 65s, '75's at 50s, '76's at 75s, '77's at 80s, '78's at 85s, '79's at 112s, '80's at 126s.

"Reports from the plantations continue exceedingly bad, our worst fears are realized; thousands of acres are beyond recovery, and will not have a hop picked on them. Poles almost bare, with here and there a few black, filthy leaves sticking out of them, is the appearance of the bulk of the hop gardens of England; if there was a duty on, many of the best judges would lay against 430,000 old duty, or 40,000 cwt. Our annual consumption is 600,000 cwt., and there is fifteen months' trade to be done before there is a chance of getting another English crop. America cannot spare more than 40,000 cwt., and the continent, if she sends us 100,000 cwt., will exhaust herself, and be again a buyer next summer. Thus the total of the new

crop that the English brewer will be able to command will not exceed 180,000 cwt., or with adding 30,000 cwt., for any possible improvement that might, under the most favorable weather, now happen to the English crop, 200,000 cwt., leaving a deficiency of 400,000 cwt.; the old hops of 1881, now in existence will not exceed 50,000 cwt. All circumstances point to prices being higher than ever before known."

Barley shows no movement in this market as yet, neither receipts nor shipments being reported the past week. It would be difficult to give prices at which this grain could be marketed, as values could only be determined by actual sales. In Chicago new barley has been selling the past week at 90c per bu. for No. 2, 75c for No. 3, and 55c for No. 5. In futures No. 3 for September delivery sold at 90c per bu. and No. 3 for October at 70c. The old crop is about exhausted, the visible supply on August 5 being 57,543 bu., against 126,573 bu. at the corresponding date in 1881. The new crop is expected to be a full average one, with the quality more or less injured by the recent rains. The range of values will probably be steady at about a fair average.

DAIRY PRODUCTS.

The butter market is in much the same condition as a week ago, and there is no change to note in prices. For the best selections arriving 20c is still the top of the market, while 18c to 19c per lb. is the most that can be obtained for good to choice lots. The receipts are not large, but there is no shipping demand and the weather anything but favorable, there is a dull feeling in the trade. In Chicago the market shows some improvement for the upper grades. Quotations there are as follows: Fancy creamery 23 to 24c, fair to choice 20 to 22c, choice dairy 18 to 20c, and fair to good at 16 to 17c per lb. In New York the market is in an unsettled state, with large stocks accumulating and no outlet, as shippers are not operating to any extent. The rates on the best grades, however, keep steady, and are about the same as ruled a week ago, fancy State creamery being quoted there at 25 to 26c per lb., choice creamery at 24c, fair to good at 23 to 25c, and ordinary at 20 to 21c. In its review of the market the Commercial Bulletin of Saturday says:

"Another week has passed without opening the export market; a considerable amount of stock has been 'left over' from day to day to be added to the accumulation, and for the goods in store prices remain in the old decidedly nominal situation. Holders 'ask' former prices, but buyers are not willing to pay them, and the market is still unwilling to cable offers, though they can find creamery available at 23c and lard-wormed (June packed) at 19c, or possibly under, and many report that they expect nothing to hasten their movements until cooler weather at least."

Home trade is fair, but does not extend much, if any, beyond the ordinary limits, and still insists upon having the very best stock."

Western butter is steady and is quoted in that market as follows:

	Western imitation creamery	Western dairy	Western factory
Choice	23 to 24c	22 to 23c	21 to 22c
Good	22 to 23c	21 to 22c	20 to 21c
Fair	21 to 22c	20 to 21c	19 to 20c
Ordinary	20 to 21c	19 to 20c	18 to 19c
Western factory, choice current makes	21 to 22c	20 to 21c	19 to 20c
Western factory, ordinary	20 to 21c	19 to 20c	18 to 19c

While butter is dull and sluggish, cheese shows increased activity, and while quotations in this market are unchanged an advance is noted in both the Chicago and New York markets. In the former there is a firm feeling reported among holders, with a sharp demand for the finer grades. Quotations there are as follows: full cream cheddars 10 1/2 to 11c; part skim choice, 8 to 9c; part skim flats, 5 to 6c. We note that a new grade of goods, called "Young America," is selling at 13c in that market; it must be an extra article. In New York the market has been advancing slowly but surely, in spite of very earnest efforts on the part of buyers to prevent it. Quotations there are as follows: Fancy State factory, 11 1/2 to 11c; choice State, 11 1/2 to 11c; fine to 10 1/2 to 10c; fancy Ohio flats, 9 1/2 to 10c; choice do, 8 1/2 to 9c; fair to good do, 6 to 8c. The N. Y. Bulletin of Saturday says:

"There has been quite a struggle between buyers and sellers all the week, but fraction by fraction the latter have been gaining the advantage, and on all serviceable goods the advance is evident. The white State factory was scarce and costly, but rather on the lead, but colored or corresponding quality worked up much closer, and, as compared with last Friday, the first named showed an advance of 4c; the latter is 4 to 5c higher. Medium and fair grades, in fact anything that had stock enough to make a respectable showing, while securing less advance than the upper qualities, certainly did better than last week and sold closer to the supply from day to day. The effects of the hot weather have been noticeable on many parcels, but scarcely to the extent expected. Shippers have continued to report unfavorable advices from abroad and complain that there was 'no money in it,' but as shown, were steady buyers, and two or three, heretofore very quiet and talking indifferently, have also commenced operations. From the looks of the Western goods sent in here, the product is either a very poor one or we are getting the worst portion of it. It certainly has not found any kind of a market during the week, and holders are left with returns to make at a very low figure."

It is probable, as suggested, that a large portion of the best grade of Western goods now finds a market at home, and that the lower quality of the receipts from the section indicated can be accounted for on that hypothesis. The consumption of cheese is rapidly increasing all through the West, and is likely to reach extraordinary proportions in the near future.

The Liverpool market on Saturday last was quoted dull, with choice American cheese selling at 56s. per cwt.

By some unfortunate accident the printers last week credited Messrs. Smiths & Powell, of Syracuse, N. Y., with the ownership of the fine Clyde Stallion Nubian, whose portrait was given on the first page of the FARMER. It was Powell Bros., of Springfield, Pa., who imported and now own this fine specimen of the breed. They are probably the most extensive importers of Clyde horses in the country, and have now on the way and partly arrived one of the finest and largest importations of draught horses that has yet been made.

THE LIVE CATTLE TRADE.

The Detroit market for several weeks past has in a large measure been supplied with cattle from St. Louis, where the large receipts from the plains of the west have depressed prices of the common grades to such an extent that the farmers of Michigan can not afford to compete with them. These western cattle of an inferior quality when compared with those produced farther east, but the expense of raising them is so much less that they can be sold even in our own market at a price that would run a Michigan farmer in debt to meet. The rush of western cattle, however, is only of short duration, and when it ends, which it will in September, consumers will have to look in another direction for their supply, and this is where our farmers, if they are sensible, will reap their reward. The present season has been an exceptionally fine one for grazing cattle in our State, and cattle on pastures are making growth rapidly while increasing in weight. Later in the season, when prices are higher, and every thing points to a scarcity of good cattle, they can be marketed at prices that will give a large profit on the cost of pasturage. So we would say to our farmers who have cattle on hand, do not sell them at present prices, but continue to improve their condition and future prices will amply repay you.

The sheep trade is in much the same condition as the cattle market. The demand is now for sheep that will make mutton, the value of the pelt being of little consideration. The west is furnishing a class of sheep that will make mutton, and doing it at a much less rate than our farmers can afford to. There is always a large demand in the fall from the east, for Michigan sheep to feed, and while we deprecate the custom of our farmers sending feeders to the market, yet if some insist on doing so, we would advise them to hold on for the present.

The hog market is in good condition, and prices as compared with those of one year ago are considerably higher. August 9th, 1881, hogs were selling in this market at \$6 to \$6.50, while for this week the quotations are \$7.50 to \$8. In Chicago the best are quoted at \$8.90, but are corn fed. At present we have none of this class, the receipts being wholly made up of "grassers." These have cost the farmer comparatively nothing to produce, and with the present prospect of a light corn crop it looks as though those who market their hogs before the cold weather sets in, would find it fully as profitable as those who feed.

THE MARSHALL RACES.

The rain prevented the opening of the race meeting until Wednesday, when there was a very large attendance. The interest during the meeting was well kept up, and as the track dried up and the weather became fine the attendance increased. The judges announced that everything should be conducted on "the square," and I believe they did the best they could to carry out their promise.

The three minute class was the first called. There were six starters, and five heats were trotted in 2:35, 2:30, 2:33, 2:34 and 2:33. Wm. S. took the second, third and fifth heats and first money; St. Louis the first and fourth heats, and second money; Pathfinder third and Day-break fourth money.

The 2:23 class had only two starters, Harry Velox and Clara J., the former winning three straight heats in a "go-as-you-please" manner.

The half-mile running race was won by Louise, Lady Mitchell second and Jennie G. third.

On the second day the 2:21 pacing class was first called, and was won by Jay Jim in three straight heats, Felix second, Little Mac third and High Jack fourth. Time, 2:29, 2:27, 2:29.

In the 2:37 class there were four starters, and Sleepy Joe won first money, Flirt second, Tom B. third and Frank Forester fourth. Time, 1:51, 1:50.

The mile and repeat running race was won by Tom Boston, Dick Morgan second, Wobbling Moll third and Jayhawk fourth. Time, 1:51, 1:50.

The third day opened with the 2:30 class, in which Walter won first money, Mollie Middleton second, Lookout Jr. third, and Lady Kern fourth. Mollie Middleton took the first heat, and Lookout Jr. second. Time, 2:34, 2:30, 2:32, 2:33, and 2:34.

In the 2:50 class Wm. S. took first, Day-break second, Fred Goldust third, and George R. fourth. Four heats were trotted. Time, 2:34, 2:35, 2:34, 2:35.

In the three-quarter mile running race, best three in five, Dick Morgan captured first money, Jennie G. second, Wobbling Moll third and Lady Sherwood fourth.

On the fourth day the free-for-all had only three starters, Harry Velox, Minnie Warren and Green Charley. After the second heat Charley was withdrawn on account of lameness. Velox was an easy winner in 2:31, 2:31, 2:31.

The 3:40 class had four starters, Tom B., Mambrino Sparkle, Walter Jones and Star Maid. Tom B. won in three straight heats, Sparkle second, Walter Jones third and Star Maid distanced. Time 2:38, 2:38, 2:37. Tom B. is a good one; will stand the whip all along and never make a skip. Mambrino Sparkle is a fine young mare, four years old and is coming to the front.

In the novelty mile and a half running race, Lady Mitchell won the first quarter, Louise taking the other five quarters with hands down.

Mr. Geo. W. Parks, of Lansing, this State, in a recent note has the following to say in regard to crop prospects in that vicinity:

"We have just finished wheat cutting. The rains for several days have prevented its being secured. I should judge that two-thirds of the entire crop is yet in the field, leaving the stubbles to take. The wheat in the shock, unless well capped, is growing badly, and the weather is very unsettled. Haying nearly all done. Some farmers worked in the hay fields when they should have been cutting wheat. It is sprouting badly. The yield will not come up to anticipations in May. The May frosts killed it out on low lands. Insects cut down whole fields in this section; they worked near the root, and it fell down before filling. Oats good. Corn is

late, but coming on. Barley fine. Apples will be about 25 per cent. of crop; peaches, 50 per cent.; peaches, 10 per cent.; grapes 75 per cent., and small fruits 60 per cent.

GOOD WORDS.

We have received a great many letters this season praising the FARMER for the large amount of sound, practical information each issue has contained. We have not cared to take up space with them when so many important matters demanded attention; but we give place to two or three because they seem to merit it. This is from Mr. Michael Kramer, Richmond, Macomb Co.:

"I am a subscriber to the FARMER and find so many good and valuable pieces in it, that I must remark upon them. I often think how strange it is that farmers will read all kinds of papers that are of no benefit to them, and if I tell them how instructive a paper the FARMER is and give them a copy to read, they own up that it is, but when I ask them to send for it they hang their heads and say nothing. But not so with me, for here goes for another year, and I hope that will live long and prosper."

Then here is something from Mr. D. F. Vickery, of Charlotte, Eaton Co., a successful farmer and stock breeder:

"I have had much benefit from keeping your paper, and shall keep it in regular use. We find your paper very instructive, and appreciate it very much."

Mr. John Brokaw, of Owosso, in writing us upon another subject, says:

"I shall continue the FARMER when my subscription expires, as I have got enough to pay for the paper ten years in the advice given as to the treatment of umbilical hernia."

Crop Report.

The following is a summary of the report of the Secretary of State on the crops of this State, as given by correspondents up to Aug. 11, 1882:

For this report returns have been received from 920 correspondents, representing 686 townships. Five hundred and seventy-three of these returns are from townships in the southern four tiers of counties.

On the first day of August the wheat crop of Michigan promised an aggregate yield of 32,000,000 bushels, which is an average of 11 1/2 bushels per acre of the acreage reported by the supervisors in May. This is estimated, would have been the product had the entire crop been secured on that day.

On the 31st day of July there began a rain, which for extent, duration, steadiness and accompanying high temperature, has probably never before been known in Michigan during the wheat harvest period. From that date to and including the 8th of August it rained every day, and here at Lansing, on several days almost incessantly. The temperature during this time, as shown by observations at the office of the State Board of Health, was not below 65 degrees F., and was frequently as high as 84 degrees F. The humidity of the air ranged from 60 to 95 per cent of saturation, there being over seven grains of vapor of water in each cubic foot of air.

From the reports received it appears that one-fourth of the whole crop, or about 3,300,000 bushels in the southern two tiers of counties, and one-half to two-thirds of the crop, or about 8,000,000 bushels in the third and fourth tiers, making a total of over 11,000,000 bu. of wheat in the southern two tiers of counties was unsecured, all of which is probably entirely worthless.

Oats, it is estimated, will yield 34, and barley 26 bushels to the acre. Corn improved during July, but is yet 17 per cent below the condition August 1, 1881. Meadows and pastures, and clover sown this year, are in good condition. Apples promise 62 per cent, and peaches 64 per cent of an average crop, as compared with 87 and 80 per cent respectively, July 1.

The British Grain Trade.

The Mark Lane Express of yesterday, in its review of the British grain trade for the past week, says:

"Rapid progress was made with the harvest, but grain is generally very soft, yield variable and quality indifferent. The crop is offered in small quantities. The 1881 crop is unsalable, except finest samples, which are scarce. Foreign grain is excessively dull and slow and declined in on Friday. There is no business off coast. There have been several arrivals. Business in cargoes on passages and for shipment trifling. Floating bulk considerably increased. Malze very scarce and prices are maintained."

The Hop Crop.

The Department at Washington have just issued the following report in regard to the promise of the hop crop. It will be seen that it is only a confirmation of advices heretofore published in the FARMER:

"Returns of the hop crop of the United States indicate a light yield, about 365 lbs. per acre on over 30,000 acres is reported in New York. The total area of the State now slightly exceeds 40,000 acres. Indications point to a product of not more than 95,000 bales of 250 pounds in the State. The area of Wisconsin plantations is decreased. The breadth of the Pacific Coast crop is increased, with present conditions favorable."

WE SHOULD SAY.—The Ohio Farmer has this to say in regard to Forestry. "Many of our readers have no doubt grown tired of seeing this subject mentioned in the Farmer. Some have said so plainly. There are few localities within the area of our greatest circulation where timber for all the common necessities of the farmer is yet scarce enough to make the subject one of special interest, to say the least." Correct. When we wish to "save the forests," let us draw in our immigration agents, and stop offering inducements to emigrants. It is rather inconsistent to hear would-be statesmen howling about the destruction of the forests of the country, and then appropriating money for immigration agencies to induce foreigners to come here and destroy them.

We have received from Mr. L. A. Cary, of Liberty, Jackson Co., a sample of purple hulls barley, which is a very singular looking grain. The seed was sent out from the seed department at Washington, and reported to weigh 68 lbs to the measured bushel. The grain is quite heavy, but the color gives it such a singular appearance that it will be to hurt its sale. There is one thing about it, it will never show any discoloration, as its color is nearly black. Whether it will prove a valuable variety or not is something that will require testing to determine.

Analytical Results in the Class-Room.

[From the College Speculum.]

The Sophomore class in their work in chemical analysis have combined work and play in the analysis of various substances which at different times have flooded the markets of our State. Some of the results already reached by the class are given here, with the cost of the article and the price at which it was offered for sale:

1. *Coaline*. Eight ounces of sal soda (carbonate of sodium) in a gallon of water, with a few drops of nitro-benzol to give it an agreeable odor. Cost three cents a gallon; retail price 40 cents.

2. *Silver Plating Fluid*. An ounce vial of solution of nitrate of mercury, which will form a temporary silvery coating when rubbed on brass, copper, or silver, which speedily tarnishes when exposed to the air. Cost three cents; retail price 50 cents.

3. *Nickel Plating Fluid* is the same as above, except that a little nitrate of copper and nitrate of nickel are added to the solution of nitrate of mercury. Cost three cents; retail price 50 to 75 cents.

4. *Fire Test Powders*, to prevent explosions in kerosene lamps, the breaking of lamps and chimneys, and the danger of burning from the use of low grade oil. These are pill-boxes containing one or two ounces of common salt, colored with analine red. Cost one cent a box; retail price 60 cents, or two for a dollar.

5. *Fire Proof Powder* from Wisconsin is water-line. Cost one half cent; retail price not known.

6. *Silver Polish*. Pill-box filled with water-line. Cost one-half cent; retail price 25 cents.

7. *Ozone*. A package of about one-half pound weight, consisting of pulverized sulphur, colored with lamp black and scented with oil of cinnamon. Cost four cents; retail price \$2.

8. *Spear's Preservative Fluid* consists of one ounce of bisulphite of soda dissolved in a pint of water. Cost five cents; retail price \$1.50.

9. *Marie Fontaine's Mole and Freckle Cure*. For external use only. Put the contents of this package into an eight ounce bottle, and then fill with rain-water. The package contains 33 grains of corrosive sublimate, or mercuric chloride. Cost one-half cent; retail price 50 cents.

This is only a part of the nostrums examined by the class in chemical analysis, and other substances, such as Sodazod, Mrs. Allen's Hair Dye, and St. Jacob's Oil await their turn.

A telegram from New York on Thursday last announced the appearance of the first bale of new hops in that market, which is earlier than in several years previous. In 1881 the date of its appearance was the 15th of August, and in 1880 the 10th of August. The price of hops is still very high, and hop dealers say that there is no prospect that it will soon return to its natural level. The crop this year, and for three years past, has been short by several thousand bales. In 1879 there was a surplus supply, but that was all exhausted by the regular demand in 1880. There is no stock on hand worth estimating. The price has advanced from 24 cents a pound early in May to 55 cents yesterday. In 1879 it ranged from 3 to 8 cents.

THE Thames Rowing Club has finally come forward at the eleventh hour and accepted the challenge of the Hillsdales to row a race over the championship course. This long-delayed acceptance was received by Capt. Terwilliger on Saturday evening, at a time when part of his crew had started for the continent of Europe and all their passages for home had been engaged, but it is probable a race will now take place.

THE Wayne County Teachers' Institute will be held at Wayne, commencing Monday, August 28, at 2 P. M., and closing the Friday following.

MR. D. P. DEWEY, of Grand Blanc, the well-known sheep breeder, has gone west on a three weeks' visit.

Stock Notes.

MR. JOHN POWERS, of Homer, has purchased of Mr. A. Underwood, of Addison, a fine young Holstein bull, with the intention of benefitting his stock in his neighborhood.

MR. D. F. VICKERY, of Charlotte, who is a breeder and importer of Suffolk and Berkshire swine, says that his stock have done remarkably well this season, and that he has some of the finest pigs of these two breeds he has ever bred.

THE Speculum, published at the Agricultural College says: "The fine Hereford calf on the farm was recently sold to a Lansing business man. The sale was the shortest on record, it took just sixteen words to complete the bargain: 'What's that calf worth the day he's one year old?' '\$800.' 'I'll take him.'"

MR. JOHN CONLEY, of Marshall, has sold to Mr. W. F. Turner, of Washington, D. C., a fine four year old mare that has made a mile in harness in 2:40. She is by Hunter, a son of Rysdyk's Hambletonian. Mr. Turner also purchased a fine gelding from a party in Litchfield, and takes them both to Washington.

AN ORGAN FOR THE HEREFORD BREEDERS.—The Chicago Tribune announces that the Hereford breeders of Illinois have secured control of the Western Rural, of that city, and it will hereafter be their representative in that metropolitan of the live stock interest. The Rural, under its present management, has been a paper of influence among western farmers, and if the Hereford men must have an organ, they have shown excellent judgment in their choice.

The custom of breaking down the leaves and seed stem of onions to prevent the exhaustion of the bulb by the formation of the seed. Some growers do this as soon as the leaves are fully grown, by twisting and bending them down; as the bulb is not the root but the enlarged stem of the plant, this concentrates the force of the plant into the bulb or stem, and so produces a vigorous growth there. The practice may be of questionable effect so far as this view is concerned, but would certainly be useful in case a seed stalk was forming, as the production of seed would surely weaken the bulb. The breaking down is done when the bulb is well formed and the leaves fully grown.

NEWS SUMMARY.

Michigan.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

and for the release of the Younger brothers from the Minnesota State Prison.

Waves of raiding parties are committing outrages in Sonora, Mex. They capture a million dollars' worth of property, burn houses and massacred all the residents, including women and children. They awarded embuscaed a scouting party of 15 rancheros on the Yaquiti River and 12 of them.

Chicago, last week, a man named Ded-Perceigne refused the hand of Miss America Krickmer, by saying his father was angered, shot Fredericka and her dad, Miss Frances Morse, and then committed suicide. Miss Krickmer has since said that it is hoped Miss Morse will recover.

Chas. A. Voelger, of the firm of Voelger & Co., proprietors of the patent medicine known as Dr. Jacob's Oil, died in Baltimore

COUNTY FAIRS OF 1882.				
Name of Society.	Where Held.	Date of Fair.	Secretary.	Address.
Armada County Agrl Society....	Armada.	October 4 to 6.....	J. K. Barringer.	Armada.
Bay City.....	Bay City.....	September 20 to 22.....	G. W. H. Crampton.	Bay City.
Calhoun.....	Calhoun.....	Sept. 19 to 21.....	J. D. W. Fisk.	Coldwater.
Casa.....	Casopolls.....	Septemb'r 20 to 22.....	H. L. Glover.	Casopolls.
Charlottesville.....	St. Johns.....	Sept. 19 to 21.....	W. H. H. H. H.	Charlottesville.
Calhoun.....	Marshall.....	Septemb'r 20 to 22.....	Geo. S. Woolsey.	Marshall.
Charlottesville.....	Charlottesville.....	Septemb'r 20 to 22.....	Reek Fray.....	Charlottesville.
Charlottesville.....	Charlottesville.....	Sept. 19 to 21.....	W. H. H. H. H.	Charlottesville.
Charlottesville.....	Ithaca.....	October 4 to 6.....	O. F. Jackson.	Ithaca.
Charlottesville.....	Plaint.....	October 19 to 21.....	J. H. H. H. H.	Charlottesville.
Charlottesville.....	Charlottesville.....	October 3 to 5.....	M. H. Holloway.	Hillside.
Charlottesville.....	Mason.....	Septemb'r 21 to 23.....	F. Miller.	Mason.
Charlottesville.....	Charlottesville.....	Sept. 19 to 21.....	W. H. H. H. H.	Charlottesville.
Charlottesville.....	Adrian.....	Septemb'r 20 to 22.....	B. S. Mann.	Adrian.
Charlottesville.....	Howell.....	Septemb'r 20 to 22.....	F. O. Bart.	Howell.
Charlottesville.....	Richmond.....	Septemb'r 19 to 21.....	W. H. H. H. H.	Richmond.
Charlottesville.....	Ludington.....	Sept 12 to 15.....	John Rice.....	Ludington.
Charlottesville.....	Stanton.....	Sept. 19 to 21.....	W. H. H. H. H.	Stanton.
Charlottesville.....	Bea Lake.....	October 4 to 6.....	G. K. Estes.	Bea Lake.
Charlottesville.....	Monroe.....	Sept 19 to 22.....	H. T. Cole.	Monroe.
Charlottesville.....	Fontaine.....	Sept. 19 to 21.....	W. H. H. H. H.	Fontaine.
Charlottesville.....	Hart.....	Sept'r, 19 to 15.....	E. D. Richmond.	Hart.
Charlottesville.....	Evart.....	October 4 to 6.....	J. T. Munch.	Evart.
Charlottesville.....	Centerville.....	October 10 to 12.....	G. H. H. H. H.	Centerville.
Charlottesville.....	Watonsville.....	October 4, 5 & 6.....	B. J. Hayes.....	Watonsville.
Charlottesville.....	Paw Paw.....	October 10 to 12.....	G. H. H. H. H.	Paw Paw.
Charlottesville.....	Ann Arbor.....	September 26 to 29.....	S. David M. Finley.	Ann Arbor.
Charlottesville.....	Stockbridge.....	October 10 to 12.....	S. P. Reynolds.	Stockbridge.
Charlottesville.....	Hadley.....	October 10 to 12.....	G. W. Cranston.	Hadley.
Charlottesville.....	Raton Rapids.....	October 11 to 13.....	A. A. Osborn.	Raton Rapids.
Charlottesville.....	Ovid.....	October 10 to 13.....	E. B. Voorhees.....	Ovid.
Charlottesville.....	Union.....	October 10 to 13.....	W. H. H. H. H.	Union.
Charlottesville.....	Plainfield (Alleghen County) Union.	October 8 to 10.....	W. H. Hooper.	Plainfield.
Charlottesville.....	North Branch.....	October 4, 5 and 6.....	F. S. Foster.	North Branch.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100
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foreign.

Irish evictions in June numbered 2,699 persons.

Paris is to have an underground railway, which, with branches, is to cost \$30,000,000.

The British troops in Egypt now number 25,000, and it is probable business will soon get more lively.

Stephen J. Meaney, correspondent of the

Contracts Taken for Removing Stumps
J. E. HOLLINGSWORTH,
Contractor and Agent, ADRIAN, MICH.
anti-5m

RUE'S PATENT
POTATO
MACHINE
FOR REMOVING
STUMPS
AND
ROOTS
OF
TREES
AND
OTHER
WORK.

Strawberry Plants.

Another season's experience has only tended to confirm the almost universal verdict that this is the best time to plant strawberry plants. It is now so easy to secure a crop next season. Plants \$1.00 per 100, and \$1.50 for 150, in greatest variety. Write for prices.

WM. ADAIR, Detroit, Mich.

MOORE'S PATENT GUM-BEDS.

covered by water. It shows what can be done even under as unfavorable circumstances as those under which work was commenced and carried through:

The Miller & Daglish prairie farm near Port Hope, Ontario, is the most extensive in Canada made so by the inventor. In every respect it was placed in condition for cultivation. Previous to

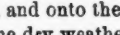
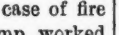
**New
Horse
Arrivals**

THE MILLER & DAGLISH PRADIER FARM
NEAR PORT HOPE, ONTARIO

Vertical
Text
on
Right
Side

**CLOSDALE HORSES, PERCHON NORMANS,
HORSE, TROTTER-BRED ROADSTERS,
HOLSTEIN AND DEVON CATTLE.**

Our constant supply of many years' experience in breeding and importing large collections, opportunity of comparing different breeds, and because of great facilities and

through which water can be led into
 the ditch and into the farm in case of
 or extreme dry weather. A pump, worked
 with a ten horse power engine, is kept in
 readiness to relieve the farm of water at
 any time it is necessary. By this diking
 process one of the richest tracts of land in
 the State has been developed. Since it was
 diked, Messrs. Miller & Daglish have di-

**CATALOGUE OF
 BULBS**
 Autumn of 1882

is now ready and will be mailed FREE to all appli-
 cants. Address

D. M. FERRY & Co.,

one's leading to it are very poor. An improvement in this matter is now being made. Mr. Miller experiences no trouble in getting to his farm, knowing every inch of ground in that section. He gets to work almost every day, and takes a great interest in it. Before the diking it was impossible to get to the land. The water brought for less than \$60, per acre and he wonders why he did not dike years ago."

at the Red Hill and Reggate Show, England,
last December.

**Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Kidney, Liver
or Urinary Disease.**

Have no fear of any of these diseases if you
use Hop Bitters, as they will prevent and cure
the worst cases, even when you have been
made worse by some puffed up, pretended

**FARM MACHINE
COMPANY,**
Bellows Falls, Vt.

3yd-3m

STOCK AUCTIONEER.

FRANCIS GRAHAM
Thoroughbred Stock and general auctioneer. Office
at the residence of Mrs. J. W. Graham, 100 North Main
St., Lowell, Mass.

2806 Lbs. Wt of
Two Most Improved CHESTER
HOGS. Send for description
of the same. Also Town
L. B. SILVER, CLEVELAND, O.

Can nowgrasp a fortune. Out-
fit worth \$10 free. Address
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RIDEOUT & CO
2 Barclay St. New York

STATE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE,
LANSING, MICH.

Michigan Carbon Works:

GENTLEMEN—At your request I have made a careful examination of the composition of the Homestead Superphosphate, so far as relates to the quantity of Phosphoric acid and available ammonia which it contains as it is found in the market in this State. In order that there might be no possibility that the specimens were especially prepared for analysis, from the list of agents you sent me I selected six in different parts of the State and sent to them for samples of the goods such as they had for sale. I received specimens from Ypsilanti, Adrian, Jackson, Battle Creek and Kalamazoo. I sent to Holly for a citrate of ammonia: it is then called reverted or predigested phosphate. It is intermediate in activity and value between soluble and insoluble phosphate. By phosphoric acid in the above table is meant the anhydrous phosphoric acid, or what chemists call pentoxide of phosphorus. The soluble acid, the quality of this material which is soluble in cold water, the reverted acid that which was once soluble in water but has now become insoluble in water but is still soluble in citrate of ammonia and other weak solvents; the insoluble acid that which still remains in the form of phosphate.

The above table shows a pretty uniform composition in specimens brought from different places.

As, just as their soil may require this manure or not, and as the crop may or may not be such as requires this particular manure. This, I think I reserve for further consideration, I only give the valuation as estimated on the basis in use in New England, where commercial manures are largely used.

Trusting that this examination of the Homestead Superphosphate will be of some value by enabling the farmers to make their own estimate of what this manure contains, and to form some estimate of its values. I remain, yours truly,

R. C. KEDZIE, Prof. of Chemistry.

LANSING, Mich.

Michigan Carbon Works:

specimens but did not receive any.

Before giving the results of analysis permit me to explain some of the terms employed. Ordinary phosphate of lime, or "bone phosphate," is such as is found in the bones of animals; it is insoluble in water and passes into the soluble condition very slowly in the soil. But in order to become useful to the growing plant it must become soluble in water, because it can only enter the roots in solution; "the plant lives by drinking rather than by eating." When the soluble acid is added to the insoluble or bone phosphate, a part of the lime unites with sulphuric acid forming sulphate of lime; the bone phosphate, which has lost two-thirds of its lime, becomes superphosphate of lime and is then

Many people ask what is the money value of manure? It is difficult to answer this question. If we adopt the standard of valuation given by Prof. Johnson of Connecticut, viz: for soluble phosphoric acid, 15 cents a pound; for inverted, 10 cents; for insoluble, 6 cents a pound; for nitrogen, (from blood), 25 cents a pound, we may construct the above table, which gives the percentage of each material discussed, the amount in a ton of two thousand pounds, the price per pound, and the total value for a ton of the Homestead Superphosphate.

In this valuation I have not included the sulphate of lime, and the potash salt which the Homestead contains.

I do not mean to say that every farmer

GENTLEMEN—Your favor is received, in which you ask whether the use of Homestead Superphosphates, while imparting a temporary fertility, can ultimately lead to exhaustion of the soil. I am glad that the use of such a superphosphate cannot exhaust the soil, because it furnishes to the soil the very elements which are likely to be soonest depleted in the soil, namely, potash, soluble phosphoric acid and combined nitrogen. How can the addition of these necessary materials exhaust any soil? As well fear that a horse will starve because he has oats in his food. Yours truly,

R. C. KEDZEE, *Prof. of Chemistry.*

Test Homestead on part of Each Field


soluble in water. After a time a part of this soluble superphosphate again becomes insoluble in water, but is still soluble in who uses a ton of Homestead will receive a cash value in return, of the amount above stated. Some may receive more and some less.

NOTE.—The above analyses were taken from samples selected at random by Prof. Kedzie. Our aim since these experiments were made has been to produce a higher percentage of soluble Phosphoric Acid, and we have also added Potash, as analyses of our present product will prove.


GOOD AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY TOWN.

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THE PATENT DUPLEX INJECTOR.
The Best Boiler Feeder Known.



Always Reliable. Requires no adjustment.
Will take water under Pressure
Will lift Water 25 feet.
Will start when Injector is hot.
Less liable to get out of order than a pump.
Easier managed than any Injector known.
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CHAMPION GRAIN DRILL

WITH OR WITHOUT
Fertilizer Attachment. Spring Hoes or Corn Planter.



Force Feed Grass Seeder.
Every Fertilizer Drill warranted to sow evenly, evenly and accurately any of the various kinds of Phosphates or Guano Wet or Dry.

The only Grain Drill having a Special Device for Planting Corn for the Crop

 **NO CHURN DREAM** in the market can perform so great a variety of work. Many thousands in use. Send for **DESCRIPTIVE PAMPHLET** to

JOHNSON, CERE & TRUMAN, 81 & 83 Merwin St., Cleveland, Ohio.

PETROLINA,

The Concentrated Healing Power of Petroleum,
HAS NO EQUAL AS AN OINTMENT OR SALVE!

An in-bred Pierrot—*Pierrot's Moss Rose*, No 139484, Rose Bud No 11669, with a record of 2½ quarts at the celebrated bull Pierrot 7th, No 1967; dam Pierrot's Moss Rose, No 11669, with a record of 2½ quarts at 3 years. Moss Rose has been bred to Wolverton's Moss Rose, No 11669, with a record of 2½ quarts at 3 years.

All correspondence promptly answered. mar-19

Choice Jersey Heifers
FOR SALE.

An in-bred Pierrot—*Pierrot's Moss Rose*, No 139484, Rose Bud No 11669, with a record of 2½ quarts at the celebrated bull Pierrot 7th, No 1967; dam Pierrot's Moss Rose, No 11669, with a record of 2½ quarts at 3 years. Moss Rose has been bred to Wolverton's Moss Rose, No 11669, with a record of 2½ quarts at 3 years.

for the dressing of every description of sores, severe burns and scalds, cuts, sprains, bruises, piles, swellings, tumors, chilblains, bunions, corns, nasal and bronchial catarrh, sore throat, conjunctivitis and sore breasts, all skin diseases, and all other eruptions and similar affections. It has no equal as a general household remedy. Price Twenty-five and Fifty Cents per Bottle.

Veterinary Petrolina for Horses & Cattle.

will promptly cure saddle sores, sore shoulders, cuts, galls and wounds of every description, scratches, grease heel, thrush, quarter-crack, contraction of the hoof, sprains, bruises, etc., in fact in all cases of inflammation. It is a powerful antiseptic and disinfectant, and is perfectly safe for use on all kinds of food. Cans, plain 50 cts., carbonated 75 cts. Trade supplied by FARRAND, WILLIAMS & CO., 100 N. 3rd St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Price \$500.
The sire of above herd is also sire of
Mark Walver, 2144 quarts; Lady Hayen, 354 quarts;
and Lady Buckingham, over 19 quarts.
This herd is valued at \$1,000 and Rosebud
Band was sold at Kellogg's commission sale in May,
1881, at \$600.00.

Another promising Jersey heifer, SPRING
CREAM, B. H. No. 13, 100 lbs. and 100 lbs.
cans, 10, 1881. Dam imported Lady Florence No.
10, B. H. No. 10, 100 lbs. and 100 lbs. cans,
No. 10 3416 A. J. C. O. R. H. Grand Sire.
Known on the Jersey coast as the best
milk producer. The above Jersey No. 1030 and now at the
Farm of the La Brecque Price No. 1030 and now at the

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**PROTECTING BIRD STOCK
FOR SALE**

Breeder of Pure-bred Recorded Plain China variety. My breeding stock are all from the herds of Levi Arnold, Plainville, C. W. Jones, Richmond, Mass., and John H. Arnold's.

On account of poor health I offer for sale a few pure bred birds, viz.:—
"Daisy E.", a dark brown, recorded bird.
"Daisy E." ROGER A.
dark brown stallion, foaled June 9th, 1879; 15½ hands high; weight 1,060 lbs. Sired by Louis N. H. Coe, Jr. of New Bedford, Mass.; Dam, Fannie, by Owosso Prince, by Milford Mambrino.

Sold for \$100.00.

**SHORHORN
For Sale.**

Breeder of Pure-bred Recorded Plain China variety. My breeding stock are all from the herds of Levi Arnold, Plainville, C. W. Jones, Richmond, Mass., and John H. Arnold's.

On account of poor health I offer for sale a few pure bred birds, viz.:—
"Daisy E.", a dark brown, recorded bird.
"Daisy E." ROGER A.
dark brown stallion, foaled June 9th, 1879; 15½ hands high; weight 1,060 lbs. Sired by Louis N. H. Coe, Jr. of New Bedford, Mass.; Dam, Fannie, by Owosso Prince, by Milford Mambrino.

Sold for \$100.00.

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Hillsdale College:

Instruction thorough. Good moral and religious influence. Expenses very low. Catalogue free. The Academic Department only 75 cts. per term. Tuition here for room and board is \$10.00. On the whole, room-rent and incidentals do not cost more than \$16 per year.

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Stump Blasting!
ISRAEL B. NORCROSS, Agent,
 With T. B. Spencer, Hardware & Stoves,
 212 Genesee St., East Saginaw, Mich.
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DIRECTORY.

H. HINDS, Stanton, Montcalm Co., breeder of Shorthorn Cattle and American Merino Sheep.

W. M. GRAHAM, Rochester, Oakland Co.
Cattle for sale, either bulls or cows. Write
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GEORGE W. STUART, Grand Blanc, Genesee
Co., Mich., breeder of the thoroughbred Short-
horn Cattle, Registered Merino Sheep, and Jersey
Red Swine. Correspondence Solicited. 517-15

W. C. WIXOM, Wixom, Mich., breeder of
Shorthorns, Rose of Sharon, Lady Helen,
and Apple families. Stock for sale. All corre-
spondence paid. 517-15

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W. M. & ALEX. McPHERSON, Breeders of Shorthorn Cattle of the most valuable families, Howell, Mich. Waterloos, Darlings, Oxford Vanquishes, Young Phyllis, Strawberry. Stock for sale; prices reasonable. Also Cotswold Sheep.

J. H. BIRKET, Breeder of Shorthorn Cattle.

J. H. BESE LAKE, Washtenaw County, Michigan.
Young bulls and cows for sale. Correspondence
Solicited.

J. LESSITER, Jersey, Oakland County, Mich.
Breeder of Shorthorn Cattle, Shropshire and
Southdown Sheep. Stock for sale.

FRED. A. BEARD, "Clyde Valley Herd."
Atkins, St. Clair Co., Mich. Breeder of Short-
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solicited.

JOHN McKAY, Romeo, Macomb County, Mich.
Breeder of Shorthorn Cattle. Young bulls and

J. E. FISK & SON, Johnstown, Barry County, breeders of Shorthorn cattle, Registered American Merino Sheep, Poland China and Jersey Hired pigs and Plymouth Rock Chickens. P O Bedford, Calhoun County, Mich. Jals

N. A. CLAPP, Wixom, Oakland Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle and Berkshire swine. Stock for sale. Write for prices.

T. M. SOUTHWORTH, Allen, Hilledale Co., breeder of Shorthorn cattle, Young Marys, White Rose and Ilwaco families.

lot of ewes and fifty rams for sale. mr21-12

W. E. BOYDEN, Delhi Mills, Washtenaw Co.
Breeder of Shorthorns and Merino Sheep
Young stock for sale. Correspondence solicited.

SHORTHORNS FOR SALE.—From the
"Brookside Herd," near Ypsilanti, both bulls
and heifers of the most approved strains of blood
for milking and beef qualities. Address
628-12 **D. M. UHL**, Ypsilanti, Mich.

Imports

W. J. G. DEAN, Oaklawn Herd, Hanover, Mich. Stock of the Alpha and other noted strains for sale. All stock in the American Jersey Cattle Club Register. Prices very reasonable for quality of stock.

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PHELPS & SEELEYS, importers and breeders of Holstein Cattle, Post office: North Farmington, Mich. R. Station, Pontiac, Mich. Correspondence solicited.

W. K. SEXTON, Howell, importer and breeder of Thoroughbred Holstein Cattle. Stock on farm three miles south. Stock on file.

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R. B. CARUS, Rexex, Clinton Co., Michigan. Breeder of Galloway cattle. Stock on file.

Brook Farm Herefords. David Clark, Proprietor, Lapeer. Correspondence Solicited. 04-17

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SHEEP.—Merinos.
J. H. THOMPSON, Grand Blanc, Michigan.
 Breeder of Registered Merinos of **Atwood**
 stock, descendants of most noted families of **fine**
 bred animals. Size, form and density of **wool**
 specialty. **30-60**

C. M. FELLOWS, Manchester, Washtenaw Co.
 Keep on hand at all times a good stock of
 Registered Merino sheep of my own breeding or
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L. W. & O. BARNES, Byron, Shilawassee Co., Ga. Breeders of Registered Merino Sheep and Foreign China Swine. A choice lot of young stock for sale at reasonable prices. Correspondence solicited.

FRED C. WOOD, Saline Mich. Breeder of Registered Merino Sheep. Young Stock For Sale.

WILL N. ADAMS, breeder of and dealer in Registered Merino Sheep. A choice lot of Rams for sale. Correspondence solicited. Residence in Blackman; P. O., Jackson, Mich.

J. S. BAMBER, Highland, Michigan, Oakland Co., breeder of Registered Merinos, bred from the best flocks in Vermont. Also high graded Ewes and rams for sale at fair prices.

A. A. WOOD, Saline, Mich., breeder of thoroughly bred Merino Sheep. A large stock constantly on hand. -jail-tf

EVARTS SMITH, Ypsilanti, breeder of thoroughbred Merino Sheep, registered in Vermont Register. Rams and ewes for sale of my own breeding, together with recent selections from some of the best flocks in Vt. Examine before purchasing.

elsewhere, ja31-3m
DICKEY BROS. & SHULTZ, Coldwater, breeders of Registered Merino Sheep. Young
 for sale. Correspondence solicited. j31-1y
VAN GIESON BROS., Clinton, breeders of
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 for sale at reasonable prices. j31d

Long-Wools.

JOHN A. McDONALD, Horton, Mich., breed-
 ers of Cotswold and Leicester. Bucks and ewes

for sale. "oil-sm"

Shropshires.

WESLEY J. GARLOCK, breeder of pure Shropshire Sheep. The oldest established flock in Central Michigan. The present crop of lambs best ever raised. Stock for sale. P. O. Howell, Mich.

HOGS.—Berkshires & Suffolks.

IMPROVED BERKSHIRES of best strains of

Blood for sale by Hiram Walker & Sons, Walkerville, Ont. For particulars address CHARLES SWANN, Farmer, Walkerville, Ont. je20-3m

ELIZING HASBROUCK, Marshall, breeder of pure bred registered Berkshires. A few sows in pig for sale, also three Yorkshire boars.

W. W. TUBBS, Delhi Mills, Washtenaw Co., Mich., Breeder of pure Suffolk and Chester White Sows. Also Silver Spangled Ham burg fowls. Choice stock for sale.

D. VICKERY Charlotte, Eaton County, Mich.

D. Breeder of Pure Berkshire and Suffolk Swine.
Choice stock for sale at all times. Send for Circular.

Chester Whites.

F. **FRANK C. CREGO,** Strickland, Isabella Co. has stock of all ages for sale. Pigs in pairs, not akin, from the celebrated Todd and Moody stock. Prices low. Correspondence solicited. my16-17

New York Breeders

SHEEP.—American Merinos.
T. J. CONKLIN, Dundee, Yates Co., Breeder
of registered Merino sheep. Young stock
for sale. Correspondence solicited. my 9 ly

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a31-tf* 34 Seltz Block, DETROIT

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Poetry.

SONG OF THE PLOW.

BY WILL E. CARLETON.

To drawing-rooms and palaces, I recognize your splendours,
Your ladies bright and beautiful—the power of their defenders;
The while I creep across the field, and toil for man's existence,
And see his rosy and ruddy cheeks that sparkle in the distance.
But well 'tis known that in the soil your best foundations lie;
What would you do, that could you do, and were
I not for me?
Unless I pierce the darkness where the golden grain has birth,
Your beauty and your brightness will go crumbling to the earth!
So drawing-rooms and palaces,
Lay by your social fallacies,
And listen for a moment, till you've heard the cheerful song
Of the old plow, the bold plow, that moves the world along!
Ye rumbling manufactories, that loom as bold as mountains,
And send your streams of smoke aloft in raven, colored fountains,
I see your fiery temper gleam, in flakes of cinders burning,
I strike a spark of flinty fire, the bright salute returning;
But think, how closely coupled in our varied works
We are;
What would you make, what could you make, and were it not for me?
I build you and I feed you, and your servant's all I keep;
My stalks and blossoms toil for you when others are asleep.
To recognize my royalty
In honest, earnest loyalty,
And see a harnessed reaper in the sharp and gleaming prong
Of the old plow, the bold plow, that moves the world along!
Ye sailors of the argosies that miles of ocean measure,
Trade's never ceasing pendulums are swinging to your pleasure,
Your cities decked with spire and dome, in spite of waves and weather,
Go travelling from shore to shore, a thousand leagues together!
And yet from my unceasing toil your grandeur is not free.
Where would you sail, where could you sail, and were it not for me?
But little might those gallant flights to you or others yield
If 'twere not for my voyagers across the fertile field.
So share my grim emotions,
Gallant plowman of the oceans,
And ring out a jolly chorus, and we'll make it loud and strong,
For the old plow, the bold plow, that moves the world along!
Ye potentates of merchandise, ye traders and ye bankers,
Into whose capacious harbors wealth is casting all its anchors:
I bow to your magnificence—I like your brain and daring;
I know your table luxuries, the jewels you are wearing!
But lay aside your vanity this humble truth to see,
What would you own, what could you own, and were it not for me?
Look well, I clothe the fallow lands and feed the cattle fold;
You will not wear your iron, and you cannot eat your gold;
So drop all needless vanity,
Good cash boys of humanity,
For your success is fastened with a never-breaking thing
To the old plow, the bold plow, that moves the world along!
Ye legislators, governors and dignitaries awful,
Who make receipts for keeping men respectable and lawful,
Ye teachers and ye preachers, and you who the presses borrow,
To raise your heroes high to-day and pull them down to-morrow;
Ye workers in all sorts of brain, on one affair agree;
How would you rule, how could you rule, and were it not for me?
The monarch of this western world would have marched behind the plow;
The boys who yet shall be the same are in the furrow now!
So bow to my utility
You men of brain ability,
And make me first and foremost of the great progressive throng,
Yes, the old plow, the bold plow, that moves the world along.
Though simple my biography, 'twould fill out many pages;
I was within a tree-top born in very distant age;
They dragged me in my infancy o'er sleeping hills and low,
But where I went prosperity was ever sure to follow.
Rich harvests were the children of this humble thing of a tree;
How would they grow, how could they grow, and were it not for me?
So they shod me and they armed me with the metals of the mines
Till my loins are iron-girded, and my breast with silver shines!
So crown me with sincerity
As monarch of prosperity,
And as the foremost enemy of famine, shame and wrong;
I'm the old plow, the bold plow, that moves the world along.

Miscellaneous.

WHO TOOK IT.

"Will you take charge of £20 till to-morrow morning, Marian?"
"Take charge of £20, Harold!" echoed my wife, in amazement. "What do you mean?"
I settled myself to an explanation. Explanations are things I hate; nevertheless, they are necessary sometimes. One was due on this occasion.
"You know, my dear Marian," I began, with a business-like air, "that the failure of Harding Brothers threw scores of men and children in the neighborhood out of work, in the very hardest part of a very bad year. This evening a meeting was held with a view to enlisting the sympathy of the public. A subscription list was got up, and a collection made there and then to the tune of £30. As nothing else could be done with the money to-night, I was, as treasurer, obliged to bring it home; and very nervous I felt, I can assure you, at coming along those lonely roads with such a sum. However, I have reached home safely, in spite of my fears, and now I shall deliver it over to you until I can get rid of it."
"And so free your mind from all responsibility," added my wife with a smile. She knows that one of my chief weaknesses is the dread of responsibility.
"As far as possible," I replied.
We immediately went into a consultation as to where the money should be put. I suggested the most safe, as a place to which

thieves would never dream of going for money, but my wife pooh-poohed the idea, as several other suggestions of mine, which I thought were not so bad.
At last an idea struck her in the shape of the cupboard of the sideboard. By this means the money would be doubly safe, she argued, for the drawer might first be locked, in addition to locking the door. I looked rather contemptuously on the plan, for, if the truth be told, I felt it was only due to myself to do so, since my wife treated every suggestion of mine in a similar manner.
Both of us failing to hit upon anything better, the wine-bottle was agreed upon; and as I looked over my evening paper I watched her place the black jannet box in the drawer, lock it, lock the sideboard and place the key in her own purse.
"There!" she exclaimed, triumphantly, "I shouldn't think any one would get at that before to-morrow morning, for this purse goes into the well of my dressing-case to-night, and that will be locked and the keys put away in my dressing-table drawer, so we are doubly and trebly secure."
In spite of these precautions there was a load on my mind that I felt would only be removed when the money was safe in the bank. I envied my wife her happy insensibility, for in less than half an hour she was quietly sleeping, while I tossed restlessly to and fro, thinking about the money and wondering whether any one could possibly get at it.
At last a grand idea struck me, which was to put it inside the piano. Who would dream of searching for treasure in such a place? Whereas, what robber coming into a house would not go to a sideboard? And the very fact of finding it doubly locked would make him suspect that something was hidden there. Plainly enough, Mistress Marian, with all her cleverness, had chosen the very worst place possible. Should I go down and remove it? I knew where the keys were to be found. I had half a mind to do so, if only for the sake of quieting my mind and getting a little sleep. No doubt I should have done so had not circumstances intervened—I fell asleep.
It seemed scarcely an hour afterward that I awoke and heard sounds of life in the street below. Well, so far all safe enough; no robbers had molested us, and I felt so comfortable and easy, now that all danger was over, that I began to laugh at my nervous fear. How stupid it would have been to have gone down stairs in the middle of such a bitter night. Thank goodness, I had been too strong minded for that.
I fell off into another doze, and as a natural consequence, was late for breakfast. That meal was a hurried one, and when it was over and I had my hat and coat on ready to start off on an important case, I reminded Marian of the money, and begged her to get it out quickly.
"I had quite forgotten it," she exclaimed. "Here, Martha, run up stairs and fetch my purse out of my dressing-case; the keys are in my dressing-table drawer."
Martha flew up the stairs to do her mistress' bidding, while I stood and chafed in the hall and submitted to having my coat brushed. In a moment she returned, bringing the purse, and Marian ran into the dining-room. Two or three minutes passed, and a Marian was still fumbling about at the sideboard. I entered the room impatiently. Marian looked at me crossly.
"This is quite too bad, Harold. What have you done with the box?"
"Done with the box?" I exclaimed; "what do you mean, Marian?"
"I want that trifling any longer," replied my wife. "It's a shame to give me the responsibility of that money and then tease me like this."
"What on earth is the woman talking about," I cried bewildered. "Say what you mean in plain words, I beg."
"The money's not here. It's gone, box and all," Marian replied, with a white face. "Gone!" I cried. "Gone!" Where's it gone, how's it gone, or who has taken it, I should like to know? You must be having. Let me come and look."
Marian moved aside and I knelt down to the drawer. No sign of a box was there. As my wife had said, the money was gone.
But how, when or where? The drawer was locked, the cupboard was locked, the dressing-case was locked, the purse was inside it, the keys in the dressing-table drawer. These things my wife and Martha were sure of. A man placed in such a position is bound to have an idea on the subject and to assert it, so I suggested that Martha must be the culprit.
"No, no, don't say that," cried my wife, excitedly. "I'd as soon believe that I was the thief as she. I've known her all my life. No, no; it isn't Martha."
"You talk like a child," I replied, with an air of superiority, for really woman have no reasoning powers whatever—not even the best of them. "Can't you suggest any one else who by any possibility could have taken the money?"
"Indeed I cannot," Marian replied. "It could not be house-breakers, for the locks were just as I left them; nothing had been touched apparently."
"You admit that it could not be any one outside the house, so it must be Martha; that is plain logic," I said, with as much evenness of temper as I could command at the moment.
"It isn't Martha," replied my wife stubbornly; "I'll never believe it."
For my part, I felt sure that it was Martha. And as it was quite impossible that she could have got rid of it yet, I hoped I should easily discover it.
But she denied the charge so emphatically that it was with a very anxious heart I betook myself to the bedside of my patient. The case was a complicated and peculiar one, and my mind soon became so interested in the progress of the various symptoms that my own cares became as things of naught. After paying one or two minor visits I returned home. Martha opened the door and immediately retired into the kitchen without a word. Marian was nowhere to be found. I went up stairs in search of her. She was not there, but a little table in the corner covered with writing materials betrayed her recent presence. An open letter in a handwriting I knew and detected attracted my attention.

Husbands have certain prerogatives. I asserted one at that moment, and I read the letter. If you care to do the same here it is; if not, skip it:
DEAR MARY.—If you don't contrive to send me £10 before this day week it will be ruinous to me. If you send it you will enable me to retrieve my former position, and become a credit to my family.
Yours affectionately,
FRANK.
"The young rascal! What fresh mess has he been getting into?" I exclaimed angrily. This same Frank had been the source of untold squabbles between myself and Marian; held a fairly good position in the city for an unmarried man, and yet was always getting into debt.
Presently I heard Marian enter the house. With the letter in my hand I confronted her. She turned first white and then red, and asked me by what right a gentleman entered a lady's private room and read her correspondence.
I paid no attention to this high-flown language, but replied by asking her whether she had been out to post a letter. She admitted she had.
"To Frank?" I inquired.
"I decline to say," she replied haughtily.
"Containing money?" I asked.
"That I also decline to say," she replied. Here was a pretty past thing had come to my own wife openly refusing to answer my questions! What was I to think? I think any one else in my place would have come to the same conclusion as I did—namely, that the letter was to Frank, and that it contained money. A few inquiries at the postoffice confirmed my supposition. From the time of this discovery a cloud seemed to have settled over our usually happy household. Marian was sullen and angry, and sat at the head of the table without speaking a word. Between meal times I scarcely ever saw her. Martha sided in with her mistress, and always looked at me reproachfully.
In the meantime other cares were pressing fast upon me. In spite of a rigid examination I could discover no clue to the lost money. Of course I had been obliged to make it good, and in order to do this had drained myself of every available farthing.
These events happened at a time of year when it was impossible to call in many outstanding debts; so that after a while of desperate struggle against our unfortunate circumstances I was compelled, sorely against my will, to appeal to my father. All this while I had not been inert about the lost money, but had held several discussions with a detective. A fear of incurring additional expense had deterred me from setting him to work; but as he seemed to think that to trace the money would be the easiest thing in the world, I at last gave him authority to commence a strict investigation.
From the detective I went to my father, and, plainly stating the facts, asked him if he would lend me the sum I had lost. This he agreed to do, and the conversation turned on family matters generally. The unhappy coolness which had arisen between myself and Marian was presently discussed, and when my father taxed me with unkindness toward her I felt bound to explain to him Frank's demand, and her resentment of my interference.
My mother started up suddenly from a fit of thinking and plied me with questions.
"Was Marian the only one who had access to the sideboard?"
"As far as I know, the only person," I replied.
"And did you say her letter to her brother Frank contained money?"
"Yes; a postoffice order for ten pounds."
"Had she ten pounds of her own?"
"Not that I know of."
"Was she likely to have saved it from her allowance for housekeeping or private purposes?"
"Very unlikely, indeed."
Then my mother continued, "It seems to me that the nearer home you look for your money the sooner you will find it."
When I arrived home my mind was torn and distracted by conflicting opinions. I felt very anxious to discover some sign of innocence, or may be guilt.
"Marian," I said as gently as I could, "where did you get the money that you sent to Frank?"
She started and turned quickly round upon me.
"How did you know I sent money to Frank?"
"Never mind how I know it?" I replied. "Where did you obtain it? You must answer me that question before you leave this room." I added more sternly, for her evasion of my question disquieted me.
She looked me steadily in the face for a moment, then, dropping her eyes and clasping her hands tightly together she exclaimed:
"I see now the drift of your question. The money was lost at the time that I sent some to Frank. Harold, you suspect me—your own wife—of being the thief, and you have sent that man (I saw he was a detective immediately) to track me out and prove this against me. Do you intend to send me to prison?"
"Marian," I answered excitedly, "when I sent that man here no such suspicion had ever occurred to me, and now that I must confess it, one word from you will dispel it; or if it should be otherwise (here I extended my hand to her, but she flung it from her, you have free forgiveness."
"Your forgiveness!" she added haughtily; "I do not need it," and without another word she left me.
For some minutes I remained stunned by this new aspect of affairs. Could it be possible that my Marian was guilty? I would never believe it. And yet she had never attempted to deny it. And the anxious face she had lately worn, together with other circumstances of the case, served only to confirm the idea. Would that it had not been so, or even being so, that she would come to me for the reconciliation I was longing for, and the forgiveness I was only too anxious to bestow.
A day or two after this I found a note awaiting me when I returned home to dinner. The hand writing was Marian's, and my delight at seeing it was so great that I kissed it again and again. Eagerly I opened it and read it. It read as follows:
"The society of a thief cannot be congenial. For that reason I have kept out of your way till I made up my mind what to do. I shall not trouble you any more."

Baby and I have gone to my father. I know that you can claim baby if you like to do so; but I think that you will see that it is better for her to be with me. Do not ask me to come back. I never can. The miserable life I have been leading lately would soon have killed me, and my life is precious to my child.
Your unhappy wife,
MARIAN.
That was all, except a few words at the end that had been hastily scratched out, of which I could distinguish only "Oh, Harold!"
Strange as it may seem, this note did not shock me as the discovery of Marian's guilt had done. I felt so angry with her for her unreasonable conduct that my tender feelings remained almost untouched. My love for the Marian of former days had not decreased one whit, but my anger for the present Marian was for the moment paramount. The child was better with her, and for the present she should keep him, for I had no notion of fetching her back. She had left me through no unkindness of my own, and no wife could be justified in leaving her husband in the way Marian had left me.
I was beginning to get a little accustomed to my renewed bachelorhood, when, one night, very late, a telegram was brought me worded thus:
"Come at once to baby."
The night train would leave in about an hour's time. I packed a few things and started to catch it. In about three hours more I was conducted into the room where Marian was sitting with our little one lying in her lap and struggling hard for life. Some medical man was already there, bending over the child and anxiously gazing at its contorted and livid features, but, as far as I could see, doing but little to assist in the battle against death. He left at once, and Marian looked up at my face.
"Thank God, you have come! He was doing no good. Oh, Harold! save my baby, save my child."
"I will do what I can to save our child," I answered.
I called a servant and gave my instructions. In a few minutes the room was filled with vapor, vent being carefully guarded. The cloud of vapor kept on steadily increasing, till drops of water began to trickle down the walls. Still the child on Marian's lap lay almost choked, its struggles growing fainter each succeeding time. The cloud was still pouring out into the room, and nothing more could be done, so I stood at Marian's knee watching for the approach of some favorable symptom. Only once Marian spoke and then it was to ask me with blanched face and faltering lips if there was any hope.
"To the last moment, yes," I answered, and she was relieved at once, hardly comprehending from my words how faint that hope was.
Presently the struggles grew more frequent; gradually the almost lifeless limbs became imbued with fresh vigor, the heavy lids relaxed, the gasps for breath became more effectual, and with a mighty effort nature asserted her sway. In a short time baby was nestling peacefully in Marian's arms, wrapped in a sweet, life-giving slumber.
When he was laid in his cot, his mother turned to me and said pathetically.
"Oh, Harold! when baby was so near death, and you far away, I could not help seeing how wicked I had been to leave you as I did. Will you forgive me, dear, and take me back, for baby's sake?"
I could only kiss her and press her to my heart. After while I said:
"It was only those words, 'Will you forgive me?' that I wanted. If you would have spoken them sooner, we need never have parted."
"Oh, Harold! how can you? It was not that I was asking you to forgive me, but my folly in leaving you. I am as innocent of taking that wicked money as my own child. Won't you believe me?"
"I do, my darling, I do," I replied with genuine delight. "I would have believed you then if you had said this to me; but you know you never deigned me a word, and what was I to think?"
"I was so horrified at your even suspecting me that I fancied it was beneath me to deny it. I cannot now understand what could have prompted you to think such a dreadful thing of me. It was very hard to bear."
I was beginning to wonder, too, how I could have suspected my own Marian. Circumstances and my mother were more to blame than I, however.
In answer, I murmured something about Frank.
"Ah, that letter to Frank! I remember it. You were always so hard upon him that I didn't like to tell you about it. He really had been trying to keep on steadily at the post your kindness had obtained for him, but old debts were constantly coming in, and his limited salary would not meet them and keep him as well. There was one man who pressed him hard for £10. He had spent his last quarter's salary within a pound or two, and more would not be coming for some time. He wrote and told this, asking me to help him, but I could not. He wrote again, and said he must draw on his salary, but I begged him not to do so soon. I was sure his employer would think it a bad sign. The man threatened to expose his former habits to the firm, which you know might have ruined him with them. I resolved to help him this once, and in order to do so sold my diamond brooch, which I scarcely ever had occasion to wear. I got £10 for it and I sent him notes to that amount—he little guessed at what cost."
"My poor, persecuted, self-sacrificing little woman; why did you not tell me all this? Why could you not trust me?"
"Why could you not trust me?" Marian demanded, half playfully, half pathetically. "Then she added, earnestly, 'I have been very much to blame. I was proud and self-willed, and all sorts of bad things, and then leaving you was worse than all. Harold, dear, I am so ashamed of myself for that. No woman is justified in leaving her husband on so slight a pretext as I had.'"
I thought so, too. She was becoming the most sensible little woman in the world; but I had been to blame too; and I was not going to let the magnanimity all to be on her side. "We were both to blame,"

I replied. "I am not going to exonerate you quite, little wife, but I am going to own to my fault. I was a brute to doubt you, Marian. You must forgive me, dear."
"Oh, Harold! we shall be so happy again now, shan't we?" the little woman replied; and then she wound up our reconciliation in a truly womanly style, with tears and smiles and kisses.
But the mystery of the money was still more dark after Marian's explanation, and it was months before we penetrated it. We did so at last, however.
Our piano being sadly in need of repair, I sent to a professional man to come and "do it up." I was in the room when he proceeded to take it to pieces. As soon as the front was removed I perceived a little black box snugly lodged inside, which I immediately recognized. My grand idea now flashed into my mind. Here then, was the clue to the mystery. I was the thief. In my anxiety I had placed the money inside the piano while still under the influence of sleep.
Marian was delighted. She actually shed tears of joy when I told her of my discovery.
"Oh! you abandoned man," she said, shaking her head at me, "to suspect me when all the time you had stolen your own money."
Manufacture of Wine from Raisins in France.
British Consul Taylor, of Marseilles, states, in his last report, that since the first appearance of the phylloxera in the vineyards of France, there has been a steady diminution in the quantity of wine produced, and in a tabular statement, he shows that the quantity produced in 1880 amounted to 29,677,473 hectolitres, against 56,406,363 hectolitres in 1877, and this year itself was, by several millions of hectolitres, less than the average of previous years. To make up for this deficiency, a novel product, made out of dried raisins, was introduced. In the year 1880, at the port of Marseilles alone, 36,894,527 kilograms of raisins and currants were imported, and according to Consul Taylor, all the raisins or currants coming from the East, viz. over 90,000,000 kilograms were used in the preparation of this raisin wine; and when it is taken into consideration that 100 kilograms of raisins are capable of yielding 325 liters of wine, an idea may be formed of the quantities of wine of this description which have been manufactured at Marseilles alone. It appears that the process employed in the manufacture of wine out of raisins does not differ in any material degree from that in the manufacture of ordinary grape wines. It is assumed that the grape in going through the process of desiccation loses none of its original elements, save the water which enters into and forms about 80 per cent. of its composition. By restoring this lost water, the raisin becomes capable of yielding the same liquor as before it was dried. The raisins are carefully cleansed and freed from all impurities, and then allowed to soak in a tub with a quantity of water equal to the quantity of wine that is to be manufactured, distilled water if possible being used. The time during which the raisins are to soak, is from 48 to 50 hours in winter, and about 40 hours in summer. It is frequently and carefully stirred, and is sufficiently soaked when it has resumed the appearance of a fresh grape, and when being pressed between the forefinger and thumb, it breaks with a report. This being done, the usual course for the preparation of wine is strictly followed, a little more care only being required. The raisin is crushed in the usual way, and placed in the fermenting tub, being well stirred at the beginning, in order to separate the grains from each other, and to commence a regular fermentation. The "must" is kept at a temperature of 15 deg. Centigrade, and the cellar at an invariable temperature of from 15 to 20 deg. Centigrade. When properly conducted, the fermentation is completed in twelve days, and the raisin wine is then ready to be drawn and put into casks, the usual process of sulphurizing, clarifying, etc., being followed. The wine is then claimed to be composed of exactly the same principles as fresh grape wine, but differs from it in color, as it is invariably white, or at the best, straw colored. The wine produced in the Bouches du Rhone district is dark red, strongly alcoholic wine, and accordingly the raisin wine is colored by artificial means, and frequently with deleterious compounds, some of the dyeing stuffs being, it is said, extremely injurious to health. Consul Taylor states that scarcely a week passes at Marseilles without a large quantity of wine thus adulterated being condemned by the local authorities and poured out into the sea. The raisin wine is also largely used in its natural state, that is to say, without being colored by artificial means, by simply mixing it with red wines that are so deep in color that the addition of a certain quantity of raisin wine improves both. The central administration, which at first denounced the manufacture of raisin wine in France as an offense, and made the manufacturer liable to a prosecution for falsification of wine, has now, and for some time, entirely changed its view of the matter. All the hindrances opposed in the beginning to this branch of industry have been removed, and at the present time there is no distinction made between the raisin and the grape wine, both productions being submitted to the same charges and duties, and recorded under the same headings in all the official books and returns.

NEWSPAPERS.—Daniel Webster said: "Small is the sum that is required to patronize a newspaper and well rewarded is the patron. I care not how humble and unpretending the gazette which he takes. It next to impossible to fill a sheet with printed matter without putting something into it that is worth the subscription price. Every parent whose son is away from home at school, should supply him with a newspaper. I well remember what a marked difference there was between those of my schoolmates who had and those who did not have access to newspapers. Other things being equal, the first were always decidedly superior to the last in debate, composition, and intelligence."
"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"To sing in the opera, sir," she said.
"What is your talent, my pretty maid?"
"A divorce and two runaways, sir," she said.
Attention, Railroad Men.
I have suffered for more than a year with indigestion. I was very bilious, occasionally having a dumb chill, followed by fevers, which prostrated me. I took Simmons' Liver Regulator, and am a well man.
A. H. HIGHTOWER, Conductor C. R. & Ga.

Tricks of Druggists.
"People often wonder why their physician's prescription doesn't 'take effect.' They protest that the bottle has been well shaken before using; that the three-times-a-day injunction has been religiously followed, and that every caution about diet and sleep has been observed to the letter, and yet their condition is not one whit improved. They begin to suspect that their ailment has not been properly diagnosed, and sometimes throw out a hint to that effect. It never occurs to them that the druggist is at fault; that their prescriptions have been juggled, and either weakened beyond any possibility of doing any good, or transformed into something entirely different."
A prominent Philadelphia physician made use of the above language yesterday in casual conversation upon topics relating to his professional experience.
"One of the most common frauds I have already mentioned—the substitution of cinchonidia and cinchona for quinine. Adulterations of the most familiar drugs are almost universal. Citrate of magnesia is made with only one-half or three-fourths its wonted strength; tincture of iodine, one-fourth to three-fourths; laudanum, half to three-fourths. The laudanum of the stores is exceedingly unreliable, the cheaper preparations being weak in proportion to the price. There may be some connection between this fact and the lack of success of so many would-be suicides. Paregoric is very commonly diluted one-half, and often contains no benzoic acid and but one-fourth the standard proportion of opium. Aqua ammonia, sweet spirits of nitre, and a long catalogue of others are similarly manipulated. The various oils—rose, lemon, bergamot, orange, rose geranium, etc. are nearly one-half alcohol."
"But to come down to the actual alteration of prescriptions. I have here a number of documents which tell their own stories," and the physician took a package of duplicate prescriptions from a pigeon-hole.
"These bits of paper expose the delinquencies of more than a dozen Philadelphia drug stores, and represent similar irregularities in scores of others. Here is the copy of the prescription as written by the physician. On the same slip is the pharmacist's revision of it. I need not explain how this information came into my possession, but it is strictly accurate, and the druggists whose names I have in each case, are all registered and graduates from schools of pharmacy. Here is one that calls for fifteen grains of iodoform, one drachm balsam of Peru, and one ounce of cod-liver oil. The compounding druggist followed instructions accurately, with the trifling exception of substituting two grains of iodoform for the fifteen grains of iodoform. Iodine acts as an irritant, while the effect of iodoform is quite different. The physician was not slow in discovering the irregularity and promptly returned the prescription. Another reads: Malto-peptine, 12 grains; lacto-peptine, 12 grains; citrate caffeine, 6 grains. It was filled thus: Saccharated pepsin, 28 grains; citrate caffeine, 2 grains—strictly adheres to the weight, you will notice, but is somewhat irregular as to ingredients. This one calls for two drachms of potassium permanganate to two ounces of water. The pharmacist wasn't miserly with the water, but evidently concluded that half a drachm of the permanganate would suffice. "Cinchona sulphate, thirty grains; strychnia sulphate, three-fourths of a grain; arsenious acid, three-fourths of a grain"; under the wizard hand of the prescription clerk loses two of its ingredients, and comes out plain cinchona sulphate, and the druggist from whose file this was taken universally fills it in the same simple way.
"Bread crumbs play a conspicuous part in this next one. The physician wrote 'Citrate caffeine, twenty grains; bromide lithium, twelve grains. The inscrutable wisdom of the druggist substituted one grain for the twenty, two grains for the twelve, and made up for all deficiencies with twenty-nine grains of bread crumbs. Sedlitz powders are made to cost just half what they should by using equal parts of Rochelle salts and bicarbonate of soda in the blue paper, and the Rochelle salts should constitute three-fourths of the mixture.—Philadelphia Press.

Brennan's Torpedo.
A torpedo has been invented in Australia, and is thus described: Its motive power is not compressed air, neither is it contained in the body of the torpedo. To propel the weapon through the water at a speed of from 15 to 20 knots an hour for 1,000 yards, a separate engine, or at least a special connection with an existing one, is necessary. This engine drives two drums, about three feet in diameter, with a velocity at their peripheries of 100 feet per second. Their duty is to wind in two fine steel wires No. 48 gauge, the same as used in the deep-sea sounding apparatus of Sir William Thomson. The rapid uncoiling of these wires from two small corresponding reels in the belly of the fish imparts to them, as may readily be conceived, an extremely high velocity. The reels are connected with the shafts of the two propellers which drive the torpedo through the water. The propellers work, as has long been known to be necessary to insure straight running, in opposite directions and both in one line, the shaft of one being hollow and containing the shaft of the other.
At first sight it would seem as if hauling a torpedo backward by two wires was a curious way of speeding it "full speed ahead," but it is found in practice that the amount of "drag" is so small, as compared with the power utilized in spinning the reels that give motion to the propellers, that it may be left out of calculation altogether. The steering-gear of the Brennan is an ingenious contrivance, whereby the relative velocities of the two driving drums, and consequently of the two propellers, can be varied at any moment. The perpendicular rudder, which very sensitively reacts on the screws, and in this way torpedo may be made to follow as tortuous a path as a figure-skater. The course the torpedo is taking is indicated to the operator by a slight steel telescopic mast carrying a pennon, which, when not in use, is folded along the back of the torpedo.
A Good Newspaper.
Henry Watterson, editor Courier Journal (Louisville, Ky.), never has written anything more truthful or sensible than the following article about conducting a newspaper:
"Some people estimate the ability of a periodical and the talent of its editor by the quantity of its original matter. It is comparatively an easy task for a frothy writer to string out a column of words upon any and all subjects. His ideas may flow in one weak, washy, everlasting flood, and the command of his language may enable him to string them together like a bunch of onions, and yet his paper may be but a meager and poor concern. Indeed, the mere writing part of editing a paper is but a small portion of the work. The care, the time employed in selecting, is far more important, and the fact of a good editor is better shown by his selections than anything else; and that, we know, is half the battle. But, we have said, an editor ought to be estimated, his labor understood and appreciated, by the general conduct of his paper—its tone, its uniform, consistent course, aims, manliness, its dignity, and its propriety. To preserve these as they should be preserved, is enough to occupy fully the time and attention of any man. If to this be added the general supervision of the details of publication which most editors have to encounter, the wonder is how they find time to write at all."
An Enormous Telescope.
Russian astronomers, say Galignani's messenger, expect shortly to be the happy possessors of the largest telescope in the world. The observatory at Pokrovsk was founded in 1839 by the Czar Nicholas, and for a long time it was furnished with the most powerful instruments in existence. The Czar desired that this institution should always be supplied with the most perfect means of taking observations, and that it should never be allowed to be inferior to any other astronomical station in the world. Of late years the progress of science has enabled England, France and the United States to outstrip Russia, and the refractors of the Western powers are superior to the great glass at Pokrovsk, which was at the time believed to be unrivalled. The University of Virginia has a telescope with an object glass 26 1/4 inches in diameter and a focal length of 33 feet.
The Washington Observatory has a similar telescope, and with the bequest of gift of the California millionaire, Mr. Lick, that State will have a still more powerful telescope in the neighborhood of San Jose. Accordingly, in 1878, the Russian government decided to realize the wish of the Czar Nicholas, and to furnish the observatory at Pokrovsk with a new instrument, which should be more powerful than any other in existence. The astronomer Otto Struve was authorized to draw upon the treasury for whatever sum might be required and the work was entrusted to the celebrated firm of Alvin Clark of Cambridge, Mass., the makers of the large glasses at Chicago and Washington. The grinding of the new lens of Russia, has now been proceeding for 12 months, and it is expected that by October it will be ready to be submitted to the inspection of the Russian astronomers. The length of the Pokrovsk telescope will be 45 feet, and the diameter of the object glass 30 inches. It will be mounted upon a lawn to the southwest of the principal building of the observatory. It is estimated that this new lens will practically bring the moon within a distance of 88 leagues from the earth.

HOW HE WON HER.

As the lonely twilight hour
 Wrapped the world in silent gloom,
 And the somber shadows
 Hovered darkly round the room,
 Where a maiden and her lover
 Sat in close communion sweet,
 Listening to their heart-beat
 Which time was not to fleet.

"Darling," whispered he so softly,
 She drew closer just to hear,
 "I have loved you long and fondly,
 Won't you be my true wife, dear?
 I'll be good, give up bad habits,
 Give up drinking, smoke no more."
 Still she sat, unmoved and rigid
 With her eyes cast on the floor.

"I will leave off chewing, darling,"
 Unrelenting still she sat.
 "Join the church and live a Christian,
 Now, my dearest, think of that!"
 But she shut her lips together,
 Shook her head and answered not,
 And the sadness was unbroken,
 Save by sighs with sadness fraught.

Desperate now, he wildly uttered:
 "I will give a diamond ring
 As a seal to our engagement,
 If your heart to me you'll bring."
 Then she raised her drooping optics,
 Laid her head upon his breast,
 As tremblingly she murmured:
 "Oh, my darling, I am blessed."

And there they sat, and sat until
 The soft, dark arms of night,
 Had nursed of our great world
 Had folded them from sight,
 Pondering, planning, thinking,
 She of the diamond ring,
 And he of how on earth
 He was going to get the thing.

—How G. G. Clemens, in Our Continent.

"California Jim."

"California Jim," as he was known in Laredo, was a young man of about 25 or 26, but who had been a noted criminal for years. I was informed this morning by a man who had known him for a long time that Jim was for a long time a gambler and rough in New Mexico and Arizona. At Santa Fe, N. M., he was considered one of the most dangerous and desperate characters in the territory, and was known as "Six-shooter Smith." In Tombstone, Ariz., he gave his name as James W. Smith, but he was known as "Six-shooter," and he also figured in Gainesville, Tex., under the same name.

He was working in a restaurant in Laredo, and on last Saturday had a quarrel with his employer. He immediately seized his pistol and fired at the proprietor. Marshall Johnson came up to arrest him, when he fired at him and mortally wounded him. He then left and started up the track of the International railroad, evidently making for San Antonio. A reward was offered for his capture, and the whole country was up in arms. He worked his way along the line of the railroad, carefully avoiding ranches and persons, until he reached the station house at Cactus, for hunger had driven him to desperation. He entered the station house, and at the point of his pistol forced the keeper to give him his breakfast and some clothing. Sheriff W. A. Tompkins, of this county, who had been notified of the murder of Marshall Johnson, immediately started toward Laredo, hoping to intercept him. This side of Webb station he found traces of the criminal, and for three days he trailed him through the brush like an Indian, coming so close to him that Jim says he saw him on four occasions. When Sheriff Tompkins reached this place last Thursday he found Jim had taken breakfast at the station house and passed on. Several parties started out at once to effect his capture.

About 2 p. m. Thursday, Charley Smith and Wesley De Spain, two young men from near this place, who had gone out to hunt horses, and also to look for Jim, were at the Cibola station. While sitting at the camp of John Yeager resting, they saw a man passing along the top of the brushy ridge near the depot. They at once mounted and started towards him.

When they came up within speaking distance Charles Smith says he intended to engage him in conversation until he was satisfied that he was the right man. But "California Jim" was too desperate to take any chances, and when Smith and De Spain were within 30 rods of him he drew his revolver, turned and began firing on them. At the first or second fire De Spain was struck in the side, the ball passing out near the spine, and his horse threw him. Charley Smith dismounted and drew his gun, and returned the fire, shooting three times. One shot struck Jim at the joint of the hip, crushing the bone, passing on through his bowels, ranging up and lodging against the skin on the other side. Jim fell, but rose to a sitting position and fired again at Charley, who was shooting with his gun drawn. This shot struck Charley just below the knee, ranging up through the fleshy part of the leg and entering his breast. By this time Jim had stopped firing and was down. Charlie then started for the station house. On his way he met the Mexican hands, who helped him to reach the house. "California Jim" lingered in great agony until 3 o'clock in the morning, and was gone to the last. No pain seemed to move him, and when told he was dying, he said that it was "all right." During the night he spoke tenderly of "Molly," and the last words I heard him say were: "Well, Molly, it's all over now."

Jim stated before he died that his real name was John Henry Hankins, and that he had a brother living near Mesquite, Mo. He also said that there was a reward of \$1,000 offered for his capture in Arizona, and that he was wanted in New Mexico. Two or three times he attempted to make a full confession to Sheriff Tompkins, but he was so weak that he could not talk.

He said he was sorry he shot Charlie Smith, for he was a brave man, but that he never intended to be caught, and would have killed anybody who came on him.—San Antonio Express.

Scorpions.

It is wonderful that one doesn't hear of more scorpion stings, considering how abundant these pernicious insects are in nearly every tropical and sub-tropical country. They are fairly hardy, too, and will survive a much greater degree of cold than centipedes. One morning, when I had just returned from a voyage and was repacking and arranging some things in my bedroom at the hotel in Southampton, a lively, vigorous scorpion fell out of a shell upon my bare foot; luckily it rolled off, and the carpet received the emphatic tap of its tail which was intended as a delicate attention to myself. A bath sponge seems to be their favorite haunt, and it always behoves one to carefully examine that article before getting into one's tub in regions where these little pests abound. I think that over a dozen were killed in my cabin during one fortnight—brought there, no doubt, in a box of Espirito Santo orchids from Panama. Cargoes of coral, bananas and other fruit and vegetables in bulk, often introduce them on board vessels, and in old wooden ships especially they will remain, and colonize the bulkheads and interspaces. I got a nip once, and only once. Walking along the main deck of a steamer lying in Rio de Janeiro, loading up with coffee, being barefooted and in the dark, I trod, as I thought, on a piece of glass; but, drawing my foot up instinctively, I felt the tickling of a scorpion's feet on my heel. It seemed to have curled after its tail. The local symptoms were about equal in intensity to the bite of a common viper or the sting of a mirabunda, but with less constitutional derangement; the ulcer was a long time in healing, however. There is a ghastly story told of a gentleman in India, who, pulling on his boots one morning, felt a horrid prickly object in one of them. With great presence of mind, instead of withdrawing it, he forced his foot violently down and stamped on it furiously, though enduring exquisite agony in the process. But it was not a centipede, only a small blacking brush left there by a careless servant. The Paylli of Pliny and other historians, as well as their modern descendants, who swallow live scorpions, and carry them in their caps next their shaven crowns, probably deprive their first of the means of doing harm, as they serve the venomous serpents with which they juggle, by blunting their stings. It is, nevertheless, very easy to hold a scorpion, and possibly to handle them freely, when accustomed to them. See how some people can pull about wild rats and bees and ferrets without injury, though taking no apparent precaution. Manipulation of snakes, too, only requires a little observance of their weak points and respect for their prejudices, which one glides into insensibility by habit.—[London Field.

Marry a Gentleman.

Girls, if you would be happy in married life, marry a gentleman. A true gentleman is generous and unselfish. He regards another's happiness and welfare as well as his own. You will see the trait running through all his actions. A man who is a bear at home among his sisters, and discourteous to his mother, is just the man to avoid when you come to the great question which is to be answered by yes or no.

A man may be ever so rustic in his early surroundings, but if a true gentleman he will not bring a blush to your cheek in any society by his absurd behavior.

There is an instinctive politeness inherent in such a character, which everywhere commands respect, and makes its owner pass for what he is—one of nature's noblemen.

Do not despair, girls; there are such men still in the world. You need not all die old maids. But wait until the prince pass by. No harm in delay.

You will not be apt to find him in the ball-room, and I know he will never be seen walking up from a liquor saloon. Nor is he a champion billiard player.

He has not had time to become a "champion," for he has had too much honest, earnest work to do in the world. I have always observed that these "champions" were seldom good for much else.

Be very wary in choosing, girls, when so much is at stake. Do not mistake a passing fancy for undying love. Marrying in haste rarely ends well.

VARIETIES.

All the Year Round, in chronicling some absurd blunders in print, says that in the Parliamentary report of one of the London dailies a right honorable gentleman was represented as accounting for the action of another member of the House by the statement that he had "sat at the feet of the Gamble of Birmingham," an allusion to his preoccupation which was not so intelligible as the rendering of other journals, "the Gamble of Birmingham." That Ireland has a strict monopoly of this class of composition can hardly be sustained if it is correctly credited to a Glasgow printer's account of a shipping disaster.

"The captain swam ashore, as did also the stewardess. She was insured for £3,000, and carried 300 tons of pig-iron."

But less ephemeral publications than newspapers have occasionally furnished ludicrous ambiguity. Morse's old geography, for example, pointed out an architectural peculiar-

ity of an extraordinary character when it informed the rising generation of its time, that a certain town contained "400 houses and 4,000 inhabitants, all standing with their gables ends to the street."

Jesse C. had the reputation of being the "biggest liar" in Georgia, and was never known to come out behind. One hot day Bill H. sat on the shady side of his barn. After dinner he saw Jesse riding in great haste toward town. Bill halted him and went to the gate, Jesse asked him what he wanted.

"Stop and tell us a big lie," said Bill. "No time for lying now," said Jesse. "Your Uncle Sol died suddenly an hour ago, and I am going for the corner and a coffin."

And on he went. Bill ran to the house and told his wife. She gathered up the children. He hitched the wagon, loaded in his family, and posted off four miles through heat and dust to Uncle Sol's.

On arriving he found the family and two neighbors in the large kitchen. Uncle Sol buried—to the eyes in half a big watermelon. The surprise was mutual, and explanations followed.

"Well," said Bill, "I asked Jesse for a big lie, and not only got it, but was fool enough to believe it. I wouldn't believe him again if I knew he was dying."

A MILITARY ECLIPSE.—On the morning preceding a recent solar eclipse, says a German paper, Capt. Von S. issued the following verbal order to his company, through his sergeant-major, to be communicated to the men after forenoon parade:

"This afternoon a solar eclipse will take place. At three o'clock the whole company will parade in the barracks yard. Fatigue jackets and caps. I shall explain the eclipse to the men."

The sergeant major, having set down his commanding officer's instructions in writing, as he understood them, formed the company into a hollow square at the conclusion of the morning drill, and read his version of the order to them thus:

"This afternoon a solar eclipse will take place in the barracks yard, by order of the captain, and will be attended by the whole company, in fatigue jackets and caps. The captain will conduct the solar eclipse in person."

IT RAINED PITCROCKS.—The shower came up, or rather it came down—a shower never comes up—so unexpectedly that nearly every body was taken by surprise and Jefferson Avenue was in a panic. Young Mascher, who never goes without his umbrella, saw his opportunity, and sailing up to the prettiest girl with the prettiest hat in all Burlington, made a bow that was warranted to kill across the street, and said:

"May I offer you my umbrella?" "Oh, a thousand thanks," she said. "Papa will bring it down to the office in the morning," and she sailed away dry-shod, leaving him desolate and soaking in his loneliness, like a pelican in the wilderness and as a weather-vane upon the house-top.

By glancing over the local columns of our exchanges we are pleased to learn that about all the horses ridden by the all-brigadier and major generals during the late war are alive, and "quite old." We were fully prepared for the fact of their belatedness, having seen all of these horses at various places during the past year, with our own eyes, but we are surprised to learn they are "quite old." However, that fact removes a cloud of mystery from our mind, and confirms us in our deep suspicion that the five year old colts they showed us at Amsterdam was not, as they declared, the horse that General Thomas rode in the battles of the Wilderness.—[Burlington Hawk.

SARGENT among military men is sometimes expressed so that it hurts. During the war the rebel, John Morgan, was in Kentucky, and he was particularly down on a regiment of Kentucky troops, the Thirty-Second. They were stationed in Somerset, in that State, and one day Morgan sent a flag of truce to the commanding officers as follows:

"Remove the women and children and the Thirty-Second Kentucky at once, as I am going to shell the town."

The feelings of the officers and men of that Kentucky regiment can be imagined but not described.

"ONLY one mother," read Jimmy Taft, as he glanced at the headline in a newspaper. "I should think that was enough. Golly, how a fellow would catch it if he had two mothers. Two lickings were I get one now; both ears pulled at the same time; go without my supper twice in one day; sent on two errands in two different directions at the same time. Well, I can't be too thankful dad ain't a Mormon."

A PIOUS lawyer, who supposed himself to be very sarcastic, said to the keeper of an apple stand:

"It seems to me that you should quit this trying business and go at something that is not so wearing on the brain."

"Oh, 'tain't business," said the apple seller, "it is 'lyin' awake nights trying to decide whether to leave my fortune to an orphan 'sylum or to a home for played out old lawyers, as is killing me."

WEBSTER was a celebrated author. He was a quick and ready writer, and in one of his inspired moments he dashed off a dictionary. He took it to several publishers, but they shied at it, said the style was dull, turgid, dry, hard and uninteresting, and, besides that, he used too many big words. But at last Noah succeeded, and the immortal work is in daily use, propping up babies at the dinner table.

LADY VISITOR.—"Your boy looks very bad, Mrs. Jones; what's the matter?" Mrs. Jones—"Yes, ma'am, he is very bad; and what's more, the doctors has been bad worse. I'm sure we poor people must to pray with all our hearts, 'From all false doctrine, good Lord deliver us.' I never saw its meaning afore."

Chaff.

A tax which concerns housekeepers—The tacks on carpets.

It was a Detroit girl who wanted to marry at 15, so as to have her golden wedding hurry up the faster.

What play would be most likely to interest farmers at this season of the year?—The Rake's Progress.

A child being asked what were the three great feasts of the Jews, promptly replied: "Breakfast, dinner and supper."

Next we shall have a coat tail flirtation code. Having the tails covered with mud will mean "I don't like her father."

A bridal couple from Washoe Valley, at breakfast in a Reno hotel, conversed as follows: He—"Shall I skin ya a peatier, honey?" She—"No, thank you, deary, I have one already skinned."

A pretty girl in Sweden turned up her nose at her poor but deserving lover, and it froze in that position. Now she doesn't know whether to retire from the world or hire out to stand in somebody's hall as a hat-rack.

A facetious baker in Auburn, N. Y., put a

broad grin lately on the faces of all his customers by announcing on a conspicuous placard that he sold yeast of a new kind which made bread so light that a pound of it only weighed 19 ounces.

A Chicago man, caught with his book and line in another man's trout brook, completely silenced the owner, who remonstrated, with the majestic answer: "Who wants to catch your trout? I'm only trying to drown this worm."

"In such a shower as this," said a luckless Bohemian who was chilled and wetted through, "I wish I was Job." "Why?" "Because he was all covered with Ulsters." "That's a fact. He would be just the man for U.S."

"A Brooklyn man has been sent to jail for kissing his girl good-night." "This should teach Brooklyn young men a lesson. They will probably have to kiss a girl to get into jail. It is believed that a number of young men in other cities—that is, in a couple of hours longer, and kiss her good-morning."

Bob Ingersoll took a sea-bath at Long Branch Saturday, and subsequently suffered from a severe cold. It is believed that some member of the Adams family must have gone in swimming at Boston without notifying people further down the coast.

A gentleman somewhat advanced in life, and who was never remarkable for his good looks, asked his grandchild what he thought of him. The boy's parents were present. The youngster made no reply. "Well, why don't you tell me what you think of me?" "Cause I don't want to get locked."

A contemporary asks: "How shall women carry their purses to frustrate thieves?" Why, carry them empty. Nothing frustrates a thief more than snatching a woman's purse, after following her half a mile, and then find that it contains nothing but a recipe for spiced peaches and a faded photograph of her grandmother.

Up in Art.—The New York correspondent of the Boston Advertiser tells of a precocious miss who thought she knew enough about "art" to make her criticisms worthy of some attention. The other day a lady showed this independent thinker a picture hanging on the wall of her drawing-room, and in a most elaborately decorated frame. "Don't you think that a pretty picture?" she asked. "I like the frame very much," was the reply. "But, my dear, that is a masterpiece of Guido." "Guido?" asked the young critic, "was he the man that shot the President?"

Sparkling Eyes.

Rosy cheeks and clear complexion only accompany good health. Parker's Ginger Tonic better than anything, makes pure, rich blood and brings health, joyous spirits, strength and beauty. Ladies try it.—Bazar.

The Household.

OUR VACATION.

"Which is the way from the crowded city, Where is the path to Bohemia's land?"

Memories of a jolly party which in 1880 picniced on the shore of Lake Huron, several miles above the city which stands where the lake narrows into the St. Clair river, helped solve this conundrum, asked by six tired women who wanted a mouthful of fresh air, success of work, and "just a bit of a lark." A casual paragraph in a city paper, describing "Huron Beach," revealed the fact that the picnic ground was now known by this pretty and euphonious name, and that sundry Detroiters and Port Huron people were now summering "by the sea waves."

Correspondence followed, and the upshot was that on the 2nd of the current month six female figures clad in waterproofs, shod with rubber and armed with umbrellas, boarded the "Evening Star," in this case a morning steamer, bound for "the beach." Not a glance went backward as we steamed out of the slip and past Belle Isle, which may one day be worthy the name of "Detroit's Island Park," so grandiloquently bestowed upon it in aldermanic after dinner speeches, but which at present is very suggestive of mosquitoes and snakes; the feminine mind was too intent upon joys to come, and though the mist and frequent showers and a rough lake were calculated to dampen the ardor of the most enthusiastic, yet "it goes without saying" that six women could not be long together without some fun being evolved. The trip from Detroit to Port Huron is monotonous, though enjoyable; the principal objects of interest are the St. Clair canal, the Star Island House, and the Club House, owned by the St. Clair Fishing and Shooting Club. The canal is a channel dredged through the shallows of the flats, around which vessels were formerly obliged to make a long detour, and protected by embankments thickly planted with willows, whose fibrous roots serve to render the earth more solid. These two long lines of green, bordering an avenue of water, and seemingly the only solid land in sight, are an agreeable break in the reedy waste, which an enthusiastic sportsman once pronounced "the most beautiful landscape in the world."

At Port Huron we were welcomed by the proprietor of the Beach, Mr. Marcus Young, and bestowed in a close carriage thoughtfully ordered, as the rain was still falling, and after a drive along a genuine country road, bordered by ferns and swamp roses and tall pines, we stopped at a cluster of cottages, flanked by a large dining hall, and sentinelled by the tank and windmill which supply fresh and pure water to the residents, and alighted at "Thrace Cottage," which the genial owner, Mr. P. J. O'Neill Jr., of Port Huron, had relinquished to us during our stay. The cottage was immediately and unanimously voted "perfectly sweet," "too cute for anything," and is indeed a very bijou of cottages, and furnished with everything needed to make a residence in it delightful. It is two stories in height, with piazza and "Romeo and Juliet" balcony, from which not unfrequently were heard desponding cries for "R-R-R omeo!" for the masculine element had been rigorously excluded from the party, as the chaperone don't flirt, and it makes her mad to see others do what she can't.

After a tour of inspection of our new abode, which resulted in the discovery by our aesthetic member that the dark red hangings of the parlor, just the hue of the heart of a Jacqueminot rose, with the gilt paneling, were becoming and artistically harmonious with the *personne* of every individual of our party, we rushed to the beach, upon which the waves were breaking in showers of foam, and which so fascinated us that we left it only when summoned to supper, where we soon found the fresh sweet air had given us an appetite for the home made bread, country butter and fresh fruit set before us, after

which we sought our rose-colored parlor, and soon after were dining to the lullaby of the waves. And now for a brief description of the place:

Huron Beach is about three miles north of Port Huron, with which it is connected by street cars and omnibus lines. The grounds comprises about 54 acres, giving a frontage on the lake of three-quarters of a mile. Although this is the first season, thirteen cottages are already built and occupied, another was commenced the day we left, and more are to be built immediately. There is a large dining hall, under the supervision of Mrs. Benedict, where good, substantial food, neatly served, is provided at low rates, and which will be enlarged next year. No land is sold to intending residents, the proprietor proposing to look after the social tone of the place himself, but sites are leased, and cottages may be built in any style desired. There are no accommodations for "transients," picnic and excursion parties are not allowed to fling pickle ends and watermelon rinds over the laws, being in place himself, but sites are leased, and cottages may be built in any style desired. There are no accommodations for "transients," picnic and excursion parties are not allowed to fling pickle ends and watermelon rinds over the laws, being in place himself, but sites are leased, and cottages may be built in any style desired.

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